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# THE MIRROR SAINT LOUIS

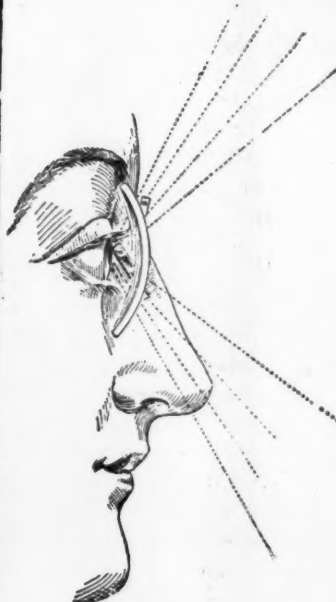


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# The Mirror

VOL. XV.—No. 16

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

## A Fakir Brought to Justice

By William Marion Reedy

SOME months ago the MIRROR called attention to the advertising matter sent over the country in the *Woman's Magazine*, by Edward G. Lewis, setting forth the prospectus of "The Peoples' United States Bank."

Analyzing the said prospectus at some length in several articles, the MIRROR, under its editor's signature, reached the conclusion that the promises thereof were of such a similarity to those of green goods and other confidence operators that the Federal and State authorities had better investigate Mr. Lewis and determine whether his bank scheme and several others related thereto were not a get-rich-quick swindle.

Mr. Lewis gathered in over one million dollars from confiding readers of his *Woman's Magazine*, and was reaping a rich harvest. He even had backing and indorsement of a sort from some St. Louis banks and trust companies, conspicuously the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company, and Mr. August Schlafly and Mr. Edward H. Gorse of that institution.

Under the urgency of the MIRROR's presentation of the case against Lewis, in the light of his queer literature, his bloviating philanthropic pose, his past record, his various weird schemes in connection with his fake *Magazine*, the United States postal authorities undertook an investigation. At the request of the postal authorities the MIRROR said nothing until the word came last week that the investigation was finished. Then attention was again directed to the enterprise.

Yesterday, the United States postal authorities

asked for "a fraud order" against Mr. Lewis and his Peoples' United States Bank. This stops the game. All the money pouring into the bank comes by mail. It will all be stopped at the St. Louis post office, and in course of time Mr. Lewis may be tried for using the mails to defraud the public, and eventually sent to the penitentiary. His great scheme to found a colony for consumptives may collapse. His great University Heights Improvement Company, a real estate scheme, may blow the works. His *Woman's Magazine*, with a million circulation at 10 cents a year, may come to a stop. His vast private fortune of which he boasted in his guff advertisements, may be dissipated. His great fake is at an end, and it may involve, among others, Mr. August Schlafly, of the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company, Mr. Cascarets Kramer and some others in unpleasant complications.

Secretary of State Swanger of Missouri discovered in investigating the bank that it had loaned Lewis \$411,000. Lewis, in other words, loaned the money to himself. Secretary Swanger has co-operated with the Federal authorities, and acting with the postal inspectors, made out the case in which the fraud order has been asked.

The end has come to Lewis' gigantic fake. It is possible hundreds of thousands of poor people have been robbed by his bank scheme of their all.

If Lewis' graft is checked, if he is brought to justice, and punished, if guilty, the MIRROR will be proud and glad. The paper feels that it has done a great public service, which may possibly atone in a way for some of its mistakes, and those of its editor. If Lewis is guilty he must go to the penitentiary—even if he did only the other day buy a half interest in the St. Louis *Star* newspaper.

And perhaps those people at the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company who condemned the MIRROR for exposing Lewis should be subjected to a little investigation. The Lincoln was taken over practically between dark and dawn into the Missouri anyhow. How about Mr. Edward H. Gorse of the Missouri-Lincoln who didn't like the way the MIRROR impelled St. Louis financial institutions—meaning Lewis?

♦ ♦ ♦

## Reflections

Togo's Triumph.

TOGO, the Admiral, is the biggest man in the world to-day. His victory over Rojestvensky assures him immortality in history. It may prove more far-reaching, more stupendous in its effects than either Lepanto or Trafalgar. For if it advances Japan into almost the front rank of nations of efficiency, it dooms Absolutism in Russia. Togo is a liberator of the Russian helot. His blow brings autocracy to its knees. Russia must be free as a final result of Togo's fine naval genius. But the effect of his victory is likely to be greater even than this. It may, and probably will be, the basis for the cry of "Asia for the Asiatics!" It will awaken China. And India! And—who knows?—Africa! The white-man's world-wide supremacy is for the first time challenged. The inferior races are bidden to lift up their heads and hearts. The Japanese are

more a menace to Christendom than were the hordes of Ghenghis Khan, or Tamurlaine, or even the Moors crushed under Charles' hammer at Tours. The Japanese may well take courage to proclaim a Monroe Doctrine of the Orient, and say, hands off to Uncle Sam, and John Bull, and Johnny Crapaud, and German Hans. With their resources of civilization the Japanese, under leaders like Togo and Oyama, threaten our Occidental civilization. If we believe in the basic principle of our civilization—in Christianity, and its code of morals—we cannot approve the victory over Rojestvensky in our hearts. We may admire the efficiency of the little brown men, but we cannot approve the fact that they are in position to menace white institutions. There must come an Armageddon in which the issue must decide whether the world is to be dominated by the white race or by the man of color. Japan already begins to tint the world. It has toned our art, is affecting our literature, giving us new points in military tactics. The world is becoming bewitched by the spell of Japan in various ways. Is it, or will it be good for the world that this should continue? It is barely possible that many a fine, high, noble thing tottered with the crash that overwhelmed brave Rojestvensky after sailing round the world. Caucasian rejoicing over Togo's overwhelming victory should be tempered somewhat with apprehension. It was a great deed, greatly done, this victory, and yet we cannot say that it promises aught but danger to many ideals on the perpetuity of which we have founded our hope of the progressive amelioration of the conditions of life in this world of ours.

♦ ♦

## Philadelphia's Awakening

PHILADELPHIA'S prayers have availed for the conversion of Mayor Weaver. He has crushed the great gas steal by the aldermanic combine there, and smashed the political and business machine. Incidentally he has pointed out the enormous evil of privately controlled municipal utilities, though that evil had its main sustenance in the preceding evils of a corrupt municipal ownership of the gas works. Municipal ownership, therefore, is no cure for the evil of bad service without it be accompanied by the institution of the merit system in public employment. The uprising in Philadelphia supplements the uprising of the people of Chicago against tyrannous extortion upon the part of franchise holders. The public is tired of being plundered through the use of its own property lawlessly given to private use by recreant public servants. That public opinion, which has swept Folk of Missouri into the governorship, Dunne of Chicago into the Mayoralty, has made Weaver the hope of the machine-ridden people of Pennsylvania. And with all his faults Lincoln J. Steffens is entitled to much of the credit for the widespread revolt against the conditions he has described in his *McClure* articles. Publicity is the great purifier. It strengthens against evil men who might never dare attack entrenched wrong. This Philadelphia steal was so brutally brazen that its nipping in the bud is loudly praised by all the papers of the country, many of which, however, have often aided and abetted exactly similar robberies in the communities whose interests they pretend to serve. It is to be hoped that the awakening in Philadelphia will extend to other cities, and cause the public to pay closer attention to the manner in which rights which they own are

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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given or corruptly sold away to private interests by venal aldermen. It might be well if the Philadelphia plan of a social boycott against official betrayers of the people were to be taken up and adopted in other cities. It was effective there against the most hardened bosses and district leaders, and even against the grabbing capitalists. The plan was first suggested more than a year ago by President Hadley, of Yale, as a method of treatment against those who dispoil the public by breaking or perverting law, and it was laughed at then. But as applied in Philadelphia, it was as efficacious in forcing the gang into line for the right. We have seen, too, that public repudiation of his tainted money has put the hitherto impervious John D. Rockefeller on the defensive. Public opinion is all powerful, but alas, public opinion acts only spasmodically, and often when too late, after the gravest wrongs have been done. Philadelphia has done well to awaken. What is most desirable is that it should not go to sleep again on the gas question or any other issue involving the public rights in their own property, the streets of the city. Mayor Weaver has done a great service, after much prodding. He should be kept prodded. All officials everywhere should be kept prodded. They are all only too apt to get to thinking that the persons who represent the special interests in a community are the best people, simply on the latter's self-assumed pose to that effect, and are always likely to be deluded into favoring those interests at the expense of the public because the public doesn't watch its interests, while the special interests are always seeking for advantage and aggrandizement. Eternal vigilance is the price of public rights. Only the special interests exercise it. Wherefore it is appropriate and timely to approve the course of the Civic Improvement League of this city in appointing a special committee, headed by Mr. Joseph L. Hornsby, formerly President of the City Council, to watch all municipal legislation in our Council and House of Delegates with a view to keeping the public informed upon the nature of the measures pending in those bodies. This committee is an important public body, and one promising splendid results—if the special interests to not obstruct and obfuscate its judgment, as has been known to happen in like committees before.

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#### *Juicy Reform*

THE esteemed *Republic* warns the Mayor not to give any offices to the men who have reorganized the House of Delegates. Certainly. It's a civic sin and shame to organize the House of Delegates for any purpose other than shunting public contracts of all sorts to the construction company composed of ring-leaders of the Jefferson Club. Also the House of Delegates should only be organized to carry out the present garbage disposal plan at a cost of \$82,000 per year greater than was paid to Ed Butler for the work which was characterized as "a steal." Let us have reform, real, rich, juicy reform!

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#### *Mr. Sager's Inefficiency*

I OBSERVE that Mr. Circuit Attorney Sager does not know his business. Here he is plugging away at trying to punish perjurers in a murder case, and the newspapers don't give him ten lines a day. Mr. Sager should know by this time that the way to get his due of applause is to write able items about himself and get them in early to the newspapers every day, so they'd go down to the press room with the first pages, and not be crowded out by later news. Mr. Sager not long ago secured the conviction of a man for murder under circumstances more difficult than any which surrounded Mr. Folk in prosecuting

the hoodlums. Mr. Sager convicted the slayer of St. Louis Tommy Sullivan in the face of the most complete "frame up" against the State that was ever known. Nearly all the State's witnesses were tampered with. The Coroner's office was against the State. So was the Sheriff's office. Even the reform police could not remember anything against the defendant and shaded all their testimony for him. Mr. Sager fought even the State's witnesses every minute of the several days of the trial and landed his man with a verdict of twenty-five years against him. Mr. Sager's speech to the jury arraigned all the machinery of justice on which he had relied, only to find it plugged against him. He won a great, just victory. But he didn't work the press. He didn't see that the papers got the story in such shape as to make the achievement redound to his honor. Mr. Sager is no good—at boosting himself. He has even refused to give the papers the stories that are told in the Senatorial investigation by the Grand Jury, and there are a lot of good ones, that would boom Sager, even if they didn't justify indictments. Mr. Circuit Attorney Sager has no press bureau among his office furniture. He doesn't take the papers into his confidence, each one exclusively, to get them all to "capping his game." He hasn't a collection of half tones of himself ready on demand. He even went into the anti-race track fight without furnishing his address before the Legislative Committee to the press beforehand. Mr. Sager isn't an advertiser. He doesn't know how to work in free puffs for himself. He just goes ahead and does his duty, and hasn't any retained horn-blowers on his staff. He is cleaning off a congested criminal docket as it wasn't cleaned in four years, and nobody is told anything about it. Mr. Sager should resign his office or get himself a regularly salaried booster, unless it be that the papers, seeing what their celebration of Folk in articles exclusively Folk-inspired did for that gentleman, have determined to put a regular cash rate upon such boosting of public officials in future. And yet Mr. Sager's fight in the Kelleher case was, and is, as important as anything done by Mr. Folk in the cause of public justice. Mr. Sager should consult some of the gentlemen who guarantee so copiously in the back pages of the magazines to teach advertising.

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#### *New Job for Maroney*

LATEST of all the wild, weird rumors in political circles is that Mr. A. C. Stewart will shortly resign the Presidency of the Police Board, to be succeeded by Mr. A. C. Maroney, now President of the Board of Election Commissioners. It is said that Mr. Stewart is wearied of his place, especially as so many people who are hurt by the Sunday law enforcement are getting even by organizing a small boycott on the St. Louis Trust Company. Unkind persons intimate that Mr. Maroney is to be to Gov. Folk's administration what Joseph P. Whyte is to the administration of Mayor Wells, but Mr. Maroney may possibly construe any such statement as "defamation of character" unless most guardedly made.

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#### *Does Joe Whyte Work?*

DOES Mr. Joseph P. Whyte, Harbor and Wharf Commissioner fulfill the fundamental provision regarding a municipal office holder that he shall devote all his time to the duties of his office? Mr. Whyte is a real estate agent, and also the president of a catering company. Both positions require attention daily. No man can be in more than one place at a time, "barrin' he's a burrd," and while Mr. Whyte may be classed as a "burrd," still he doesn't draw city pay as an ornithological specimen—"God made him, so let him pass for a man"—and he should be held to at

least as strict compliance with the fundamental requirements of his position as the Mayor holds all other city employees.

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#### *Terminal Commission Break-Up*

SOON there will not be left anyone of the Mayor's original Terminal Commission to solve the great problem of the bridge arbitrary. Already the duties of the place have made Mr. Elias Michaels so sick that he must away to Europe. Mr. McKittrick is tired, too, and Mr. Knapp is going to withdraw and live in the East. The resignations follow the realization of the Board members after the first few dabs of hostile criticism in the press that the study of terminal questions is to be nothing in the nature of a picnic. Meantime the indications are that the railroads composing the Terminal Association will, of their own accord, acting under the compulsion of the necessities of the situation, arrange for the absorption of the arbitrary on all freight transported across the river. But the charge will be in the bill just the same, since the fixed charges on the Terminal plant have to be made, and a little profit besides, if possible. The vacancies on the Terminal Commission will be hard to fill, because, strange as it may appear, a man who knows anything about terminals must have learned it through some railroad connection, and that fact on his part will damn him in the opinion of those who assume that the Commission is designed to "soak" the railroads, whether or no. The Terminal Commission will be chiefly an institution for the amusement of the cynical and the exasperation of the radical before it ever gets down to business. Already I understand that consternation has spread in the ranks of those who want the Mississippi annihilated over the discovery that at least one of the Mayor's appointees, Mr. Redmond S. Colnon, actually knows something about the Terminal Association and the conditions of its operation. This is a fatal defect in any member of such a commission. It marks its possessor as a dangerous man. The idea that a man on the commission should know anything about terminals! How absurd! How preposterous! And how has Mr. Colnon proved that he is thus incompetent? By revealing that he entered upon his duties in the matter absolutely devoid of pre-determination as to where lies the trouble and what is the empiric remedy. A man in that frightful frame of mind is already incompetent to reach any conclusions satisfactory to the great throbbing heart of the masses. A bas Mr. Colnon! *Conspuez* Colnon! The insidious wretch is an engineer and contractor. He has built terminals. He has shipped freight and received it over terminals. In his turbulent youth he went to the same college as George J. Tansey, president of the St. Louis Transfer Company, and owns to it unblushingly, yea, even defiantly, though there are those who insist that the first duty of the commission is to abolish Mr. Tansey and his company, because they, the insinuates, were knocked out by the Supreme Court of the United States when they organized transfer companies as side lines to their big shipping houses, and insisted upon getting the privileges and advantages of common carriers when their bogus companies were plotted to handle only their own dry goods or hardware or boot and shoe freight. The Mayor should "fire" Mr. Redmond S. Colnon on the suspicion almost amounting to conviction of specially adapted intelligence. What is needed on the commission is a class of men who, not knowing a siding from a rebate, or a semaphore from a differential, and being nevertheless convinced that if they were President Sam McChesney, they'd wipe out all bridge charges in eleven seconds, are equipped for the



ties of the place with an intense prejudice against the Terminal Company, and, possibly, in favor of some real estate scheme at the end of a newly planned "free bridge." It is especially painful that Mr. Elias Michael should leave the commission, he was so convinced that terminal problems were surely solvable by his own theory that the way to make the situation perfect was to take poor Mr. George Tansey out to the middle of the Eads bridge some fine day—said day to be a public holiday—and there lynch that eminent poet, philosopher and teamster. Mr. McKittrick was a valuable man, too. I believe that the Hargadine-McKittrick concern was one of those that tried to run their own private transfer companies and claim common carrier privileges. It is clearly infamous that Mr. Rothschild should have been chosen secretary of the commission. Rothschild! The name is enough. The Rothschild family, you know, in Europe! Capital incarnate! And, besides, he once worked for the Terminal Association and knew all about the charges for car service. Clearly our Terminal Commission is not promising of results that shall satisfy the loud demand that the Mississippi river be wiped off the map, and that terminals valued at about \$200,000,000 on either side of the river shall be operated as an eleemosynary institution *pro bono publico*. Meanwhile the terminal problem gives every indication of solving itself in accord with the exigencies of railroad competition, and without official investigatorial interposition.

#### ❖❖ Slops and a Story

It costs the city \$82,000 a year more to dump its slops on Chesley Island than it paid Boss Butler to cart them away in wagons. And the Chesley Island plan of garbage disposal is absolutely void of any legal authorization. Who pinches off a share of that \$82,000? And how much of the city's slops are furtively dumped into the river and not on the island, in defiance of the law of the United States against the pollution of rivers? This is a condition of public service that demands investigation, especially, when the summer approaches and the question of garbage removal assails all our noses. This garbage problem and the efficacy of little Rolla Wells' Chesley Island plan for disposal of the city's *detritus* reminds me to reproduce a story I read in a paper the other day. In the suburbs of Baltimore there is an ancient glue factory that at times floods the surrounding scenery with an odor strange and far from sweet. A street railway line runs past the building, and one day last summer, when the place was indulging in a wild outburst of inglorious incense, an open car passed, in one of the seats of which sat an Irish laborer and a middle-aged lady. The Irishman's features expressed unutterable things, and the lady sniffed diligently at a bottle of smelling salts. The car came to a stop, the glue rioted worse than ever, and the son of Erin could stand it no longer. "Excuse me, mum," he said, humbly, as he doffed his hat, "but might I ask ye to put the stopper in that there bottle?" In view of the, at least, apparent \$82,000 graft in the Chesley Island scheme for settling our slop issue, it would probably be a remedy for the Mayor to cork up his remedy for the situation.

#### ❖❖ Young Mr. Garfield

YOUNG MR. GARFIELD, who investigated the Beef Trust and found it was barely escaping starvation will, probably, soon be taken on the carpet by the President and asked to tell what he knows about the Beef Trust that he didn't think necessary to put in his report. There are some very ugly stories about young Mr. Garfield current in the newspaper offices in New York, and not released for publica-

tion until the President shall have time to sift them. Young Garfield's exculpation of the Beef Trust has been shown to be ridiculous by the testimony of Mr. Russell, in *Everybody's Magazine*, and that of several other men who know the operations of the packers' combine. How the son of his martyred father could have escaped all the evidence against the trust and found only the facts tending to establish its innocence is inexplicable, except upon a supposition, the bald assertion of which would probably be considered libelous.

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#### Paul Morton

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT approaches the hour when he shall get rid of the body of the crime in his conspicuous chief mistake as National Executive—Mr. Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Morton was the wrong man for the place. His abilities were not suited to it. As to what he may have done as an official of the Santa Fe Railroad in the matter of special favors to some shippers over others; that was only what all railroad officials were doing, and Mr. Morton made no bones about it. His fault in this regard is, and was, only glaring because it intensified the impression of some of his "blazing indiscretions" as writer and talker upon the proposed purposes of the President with regard to railroad legislation. The President has been embarrassed by Mr. Morton, though still liking him for the qualities which endear a man to a man like Theodore Roosevelt, and must hail with relief the rumor that the railroad head of the Navy of the United States can take his pick from a dozen proffered positions, all of which are better paid than a cabinet officer, and of a dignity warranting his resignation to accept them. Paul Morton should never have taken the place the President offered him.

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#### Bucket Shop Evils

GOVERNOR FOLK is still in favor of enforcing all the laws upon the statute books. Then why does he not compel the enforcement of the laws against the bucket-shops in which the people are being skinned even more completely than by the same crowd that operated the racing games? Why doesn't Folk suppress the CAT bucket-shop as well as the CAT races? The laws against the bucket-shops are perfectly plain. The evils of bucket-shop gambling are perfectly well known. Here's another great moral question right up to Governor Folk.

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#### Invincible Mr. Taft

LESLIE MORTIER SHAW and Mr. Fairbanks, of Iowa and Indiana respectively, will please dismiss their dreams. Mr. William H. Taft, of Ohio, will be the next Republican nominee for President. He has made good splendidly on every chance the President has given him, and his capacity for getting things done commends him to the people. His principles as evidenced in his acts are such as Democrats can hardly criticize without breaking the backbone of logic and dislodging Reason from her seat. He has handled everything satisfactorily, without any guff. He has tact in abundance. He isn't afraid, and he isn't temerarious. Mr. Taft is, according to all present indications, invincible, not only nominated, but elected. There is absolutely nothing against him but money, but money isn't as powerful in this country as it used to be. Indeed, money is at a disadvantage in quantities nowadays. Its quality must prove itself ere it obtain consideration. Enormous wealth is suspect of taint, and in only too many instances convicted. Lawson, the Equitable scandal, the shipbuilding trust, half a hundred exposures of the rascality of high finance, have robbed great wealth of its strength. When the great grabbing interests

oppose a man or a measure that makes the people rally to him or it, Taft is in that position. He is Roosevelt's legitimate successor in general competency and in character. And as there is no conservative Democracy left, and as the Roosevelt-Taft policies are the rational basis of Bryanite phantasmagoria, the moderation of Populist radicalism, there is no partisan opposition worthy of the name outside of *Tom Watson's Magazine*, picturesque to be sure, but of dubious efficacy with the vast average sanity that decides national issues.

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#### Best of the Bunch

JIMMIE HYDE of the Equitable, appears to be holding his own against Mr. Alexander, Mr. Tarbell, and all his enemies. As the squabble progresses it is evident that Hyde, coming into Equitable affairs as a youth, was inducted into the financial practices of Alexander *et al.*, who were his guardians and mentors, and did what he found others doing. Now the people who initiated him turn upon him to destroy him, and the worst of it is that most of the men bent on ruining Hyde would never have had a dollar but for the elder Hyde, who made them and intrusted his boy to their tender care. Jimmie may have done wrong, but he has fessed up manfully, and made restitution and reparation. The others have not. Hyde is the best of the bunch.

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#### Pierp's Resuscitation

OUR old friend, Pierpont Morgan, isn't a dead fish in the high finance puddle. He's coming to the front again. His fine Italian hand is away back of Lawson's undercutting of Rockefeller. His finger is in the insurance muddle, and he is pretty close to the funds of two of the greatest of the life concerns. Everybody, almost without exception, who had a hand in the discomfiture of Morgan, in steel and shipbuilding operations, has since been copiously discredited in the financial world, and with the general public. His rivals, from Harriman to Kuehn, Loeb & Co., are all on the defensive, and are being steadily pinched in purse, if not debased in general estimation as to probity. All of which gladdens me. If we must have millionaires, let us have them of the sort that buys and gives to the public fine pictures, statuary, books of priceless worth, founds charities unostentatiously, and has blood in his veins, instead of oil or vinegar. Morgan is the only one of the big guns who isn't a parvenu and a boulder and pharisee to boot. He's worth while for something more than his money. He has some culture, and has some lurking sense of a service to beauty under all his mere money-manipulation. There's something of the generous humanities about him that puts him above all the others who can't even do nice things without a certain uncouthness, and an eye to a return upon the investment. If he should succeed in getting the Pope's money away from the Rothschilds, as it is reported he is now negotiating, he will be again one of the world's geniuses of gold, and it is certain that he has fine feeling enough not to violate historic and sacred memories by listing for our speculation thereupon Vatican common and preferred and Pope debenture 4s.

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#### Our Candidate for Governor

ALREADY there are many candidates in the field for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri. My candidate is Thomas Elwood Kinney of St. Louis. He has a stainless official record, both as member of the St. Louis House of Delegates and as State Senator. He is a vote-getter for others, why not for himself? He grasps public questions firmly. He never "threw" anybody. *Acta non verba* is the

motto of his life. The vicious elements are opposed to him. He is the friend of reform. He elected the reform Mayor Wells. He upheld and upholds Folk in all things, except the putting on of the lid on Sunday. He doesn't take the money. He doesn't smirk like Holy Joe or wink like Foxy Aleck. Single-handed and alone he has made St. Louis Democratic and spared Missouri the humiliation of a clean Republican sweep last November. Mr. Kinney does not preach; he performs. There are no interests back of him; only the public interest in front of him, beaconing like a star to the abodes where the eternal are. He is outside, above, beyond all factions of his party. The common people hear him gladly. All bosses fear him. He is a good mixer. He passed the compulsory education bill which alone entitles him to any honor at the people's hand. He loves music and art and literature—thrashed a darkey for singing "Bedelia" out of tune, tried to save Folk's portrait from the Mercantile Club ash-heap, and reads twice a year Mrs. J. H. Riddle's masterpiece, "The Senior Partner," while his favorite poem is Burns' apostrophe to Glencairn—"The bridegroom may forget the bride, etc." There is no Democratic possibility for the gubernatorial nomination for whom as much can be said as for Mr. Kinney, none whose record as a public servant is cleaner or more brilliant. Mr. Kinney is "safe and sane." Nominate him and his personality will be all-sufficient as a platform. The Democrats of Missouri must know in their hearts that if they can't win with Kinney they can't win with anybody. There is nothing against him as a possible wearer of gubernatorial honors, except that he doesn't come either from Kentucky or Tennessee, but has the misfortune to be a native Missourian.

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## We Get 'Em

THE MIRROR "gets" them.

THE MIRROR "got" the race track gang and downed them.

THE MIRROR has "got" E. G. Lewis and may send him up.

THE MIRROR gets what it goes after, because it never "goes after" any man or any thing that is even half-way square.

THE MIRROR never "nails" a crook or a crooked scheme, except when it has "the goods" to show as cause.

That's all.

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## Kindly Caricatures

### (2.) Charles Nagel

IF a man carries his ideals in his head, Mr. Charles Nagel is the man of the highest ideals in this town. He is our own and only Skyscraper moralist and lives in an upper air of clear thought that keeps him cool with a coolness incomputable either by Fahrenheit or Reaumur. Mr. Nagel is a Republican and a Reformer, and at a crisis the Reformer is always so merged in the Republican as to be lost sight of. A solemn sort of person is Mr. Nagel, though not beyond suspicion of capacity for laughing at himself. He is always "mentioned" for things like Senator, Governor, Mayor, etc., but the nearest he ever came to anything was in the recent selection of his law partner, Mr. G. A. Finkelnberg, as successor to Federal Judge Adams. Mr. Nagel has been worn to his present thinness by his long effort to establish a harmony between his Ethical Culture principles and his desire always to stand well with the boys who run the Republican machine. He rages for reform, but he always stays regular. Mr. Nagel belongs to the Vandeventer place set socially, but though Mr. Richard C. Kerens lives in

that secluded spot, Mr. Nagel looks with scorn upon him and is said to have declared that Kerens can never get into the Ethical Culture heaven. An impressive person is Mr. Nagel at all times, and when he is most righteous his voice has a deep tremor in it that greatly stirs people to expecting great things which never materialize. There are people besides our caricaturist who think Mr. Nagel is a poser, but his posing is never extreme. His reform activities never grow volcanic. His strong point is the pragmatic. When the talk stage passes and the fighting stage begins Mr. Nagel is in the vocative; then is his time for disappearing. Mr. Nagel is strong on the Hegelian philosophy. He goes in for art and literature. He buys pictures and he reads books. His temperament is ascetically sad, his culture is tinctured with the minor chord woe of high culture. He does not quite resent

the efforts of cheerfulness to break in upon him and so is not altogether objectionable as a member of a *commers*, if he can be dragged out of his Vandeventerian hibernation. He is a kind man despite his altitude, and he would bend oftener did he not fear his attenuation would result in a break. Mr. Nagel is a good lawyer, but his chief occupation is that of spiritual adviser to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. Our artist has caught Mr. Nagel in a happy moment—for Mr. Nagel. The characterization of the portrait is exquisite and is worked out on a scale of dimensions corresponding and harmonizing with the rarity and exaltation of the gentleman's idealism. The suspicion of a difficult smile on the features is probably a reminiscence of a recent moment in which Mr. Nagel received a large fee for successfully prosecuting an Indian tribal claim against the government.

## The Letters of Lucifer

### (2.) To a Coquette

Dear Madame:

IN sending this, my final letter, I shall endeavor to give a partial retrospect of our experiences. I cannot come to the train to meet you; and my silence, and my failure to see you for the past few months must be explained by this communication.

The Gordian knot of our acquaintance has been cleanly severed by me. To accomplish this, I have used the Damascus blade of indifference. Gordian knots have been something of a weakness with me, and I have tied a number of them, deliberately, for the sole pleasure of cutting them afterwards.

You played the game of love with me as you played it with all men. I ventured my moves with a view to your own peculiar personality. Considering the havoc you have wrought among my sex, it is miraculously good fortune which has enabled me to score a drawn game. In my early twenties I would have been absolutely helpless before your manifold charms. But my age was my salvation.

Let me give you only praise. You were beautiful, graceful, intellectual, charming. As a hostess such ease, aplomb, sweetness and sincerity. As a companion, such sympathy, patience, candor and friendliness. As a coquette, what subtlety, wile, wisdom, innocence and beauty. Such a face, such a hand! The sculpturesque effect of drooping wrist and hand—how effective.

*"I was always a lover of ladies' hands  
Or ever my heart came here to tryst—"*

I recollect well the sudden leaning down to pick up a book which you had carelessly let fall. Your gown was a trifle décolleté that night. The movement quite unintentionally gave a glimpse suggestive of Brownings' stanza.

*"Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,  
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower  
on its bed,  
O'er the breasts superb abundance where a man  
might base his head."*

As a by-play it was faultlessly executed. A shade more would have spoiled it. A shade less plunged me to despair. But I grieve to state the experiment was one with which I was familiar. I grant the skill you displayed, that is all.

My own campaign against the citadel of your preference was conducted on a plan of surprises. For instance, my gifts to you, save flowers (and seldom then) were not those purchasable at the stores. If a book, did I not have it embellished with wood-cuts, etchings, or drawings, and then rebound and made different? If flowers, was there not always a quotation from one of your favorite poems? Or what you

claimed to prize more highly, some of my own vagrant rhymes!

I did not talk to you of yourself constantly, for that would have aroused a shrewd woman's suspicion. One subject I did avoid however—myself. I told you once though, that if I found you endangering my peace of mind I should cease coming to see you. This seemed a new move to you on the chess-board of the affections, and my reward was a close pressure of your hand.

My letters to you I toiled over unceasingly. You were pleased to pronounce them excellent. For the rest, I looked as well as a homely man can, and was always, as you said, the happiest natured man you had ever known. That was, and is my birth-right. For many years I have had my zither, my fishing-rod, my novels, my verses, my pipe, and my philosophy. No woman could have made me entirely disconsolate.

Scores of pleasant days we have enjoyed together. I count myself as highly indebted to you for the privilege of making love to you. Whether by brown autumnal woods or under the garish lights of a theatre you were lovely. There is no trace of bitterness in these parting words. I did not touch your heart and you did not reach mine. My reason for disposing of our romance is enormously simple. To wit: *ennui*.

No dark-eyed play-mate of my school-days has suddenly confronted me, bringing me back a memory of the halcyon hours of childhood. Scarcely. And no great-souled woman, forgiving my trespasses as I trust I should forgive her's, has blushing consented to give me free tuition in the Reform School of Matrimony. Nothing of the kind! I have merely wiped our castle in Spain from the map of dreams.

Your letters, unread by anyone save myself, are ashes. Your portraits have been religiously destroyed. The inscriptions on the fly-leaves of the books you gave me are all carefully removed. Even the rosemary (for remembrance) reposes serenely at the bottom of my waste-basket. The inventory is complete.

My letters, photographs, books, verses, and tokens of all sorts are entirely at your service. Print them, exhibit them, destroy them, as you desire. The bitter January wind gnaws at the crevices of my study window. The florist telephones me your preferred flowers, the violets, are not to be obtained even by a King's ransom. Permit me, then, in concluding, to add a stanza from the poems of a man we both admire.

*"Live and let live as I will do;  
Love, and let love, and so will I.  
But, sweet, for me no more with you,  
Not while I live, not though I die.  
Good night. Good bye."*

LUCIFER.





MR. CHARLES NAGEL

## Rhymes and Roses of June

By Elizabeth Waddell

**H**ERALED by the twitter of new-fledged birdlings comes the royal June. The wheat fields spread cloth of gold beneath her feet, the meadows a tapestry of daisies and crimson clover, the garden a shower of rose petals. She is the climax of the year, because she is the year's crowning beauty, and beauty is the climax of the universe. All things prepare for her—lead up to her.

*"Let that morn of April wane itself away,  
And let the lovely May  
Make ready all her buds for June."*

sang Jean Ingelow, sweet poet of the green fields and flowery hedgerows of merry England.

Each month of spring has a beauty all its own, but of a subordinate and preliminary nature. June is the month of fulfillment. All that billing and cooing and building of nests and brooding of white and green and brown-freckled and sky-blue eggs was done, from March to May, that the young birds might find their wings in June.

All things look back to her. If the great golden harvest of the year withholds itself till autumn, the wheat and cherries and "Early Harvest" apples of June were its promise and earnest.

The month, when our part of the earth falls into line with the sun, is like the better moments of our lives—how sadly far between—when the rays of the sun of truth shine straight and full upon us. It is for these better moments and what they stand for that we live our lives, and it is for this that the earth swings round the vast and dizzying circle—through fire and sleet, through frost and snow, that her hemispheres may each in succession come back into alignment with the great Central Radiance that gave and gives her being.

June is a month of many names, and—crowning sign of popularity—of many nicknames. She was "Skirophorion" to the Greeks, "Junius" to the Romans, "The Earlier Mild Month" to the Anglo-Saxons, and "Prairial-Messidor" to the French Revolutionists. To us she is Moon of Roses, Moon of Brides, and from the delight we find in the balminess she brings—delight not tempered as yet by the weariness that must inevitably attend the oppressive ardensities of July—we might name these two fortnights of Gilead odors and airs of Italy the honeymoon we keep with summer.

Some claim that the month is named for Junius Brutus; others that the name is derived from that of Juno. The latter hypothesis seems the more plausible. What is there in this soft, bland, poet-appealing season to suggest kinship with that stern, child immolating, chauvinistic vengeance, the first Brutus? How much more fittingly might June be called after Juno, patroness of brides, matchmaker of High Olympus. June is herself an ever-young and ever-blooming matron—the perfect Rose that was the Bud of May.

When the leaders of the French Revolution instituted their reign of pure reason, and sought to blot from the memory of man the vestiges of old myths and monarchies embodied in the calendar, and substitute a nomenclature founded on natural phenomena, they created Prairial, month of meadows, corresponding to late May and early June, and Messidor, month of reaping, coinciding with late June and early July, so that our June is a blending of the two. The revolutionary calendar is a poem of symbolical and pastoral beauty, strangely contrasted with the dire doings beheld by those euphoniously titled months of, say, the "year two of liberty." One cannot think of the balmy month Prairial without recalling how its meadows blossomed with blood; nor of the golden month of Messidor, without remembering its fearful harvest of human lives and that reaping of the whirlwind which was the culmination of the Terror.

Sweetest of the names of months, and crown-name of the Queen of Summer is that with which we glorify her when we call her Month of Roses.

We are bound to admit that she is not pre-eminently the rose-month with us. May is a better, or the revolutionary Prairial, or that imaginary time of which the Poet Thomson dreamed.

*"A season atween June and May,  
Half pranked with Spring, with Summer half imbrowned."*

Our universal acceptance of June as the month of roses is due to our ready and unquestioning adoption of poetic and general literary traditions. It is because of this tendency that we Americans long allowed the nightingale, immemorially celebrated in verse, to take precedence over our own Southern mockingbird, which could easily outrival Philomel in singing his own song.

Tradition or no tradition, however, June carries off the honors. The "legitimists" may shout for their fair pretender, the Princess May, but June is of the House of Hanover and wears the crown. Wherever the rose is immortalized in song will June be greeted as the rose-bringer. And all hail the month, whatever month it be, that lights up the world with roses! Roses every month in the year for those who have room and leisure to cultivate them; royal, long-stemmed roses for the rich always; but hail to the month when the poor have the gospel of beauty preached to them—the month that pours from vernal cornucopia a deluge of roses along the by-ways and lanes—that charms into bloom whole hedges of roses, walls of roses, acres of roses!

Those who are favored with the Saint Peter like prerogative of opening the door of green fields to the children of the poor for one or two weeks or days in the year should see to it that one of the two days or weeks is in June. Physical nature may seem in greatest need of fresh air when the blistering days of July and August arrive; but that is no reason why any child of the city should not know how a field of ox-eye daisies looks with the dew on it, nor breathe the paradisaical perfume of the wild grape bloom, nor hear the twitter of nestling birds in the wild rose-bordered lanes.

The season of the wild rose is at its height with us in early June. There is an individuality of charm in the clear-cut, sculptured beauty of the "single" blossom, which the cultivated varieties lack. It wears its golden heart unveiled, like an artless, rustic beauty unskilled in the refinement of dissimulation, while the queen of the garden hides hers beneath a bewilderment of petals; yet there is something more inherently queenly about the wild rose than about her cultivated sister. Your "American Beauty" will bloom on submissively in its vase until its petals fall; but pluck a blossom from the "wilding wayside bush" and it will fold its petals up in haughty resentment of your rudeness.

Of all the many tributes paid by the poets to June, there is none more beautiful than that of Lowell from "The Vision of Sir Launfal," which American school children know "by heart," and yet which is as well worth quoting as "Home, Sweet Home" is worth singing:

*"What is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days,  
When Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays."*

*\* \* \* \* \**  
*Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And groping above it blindly for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flower."*

And the same poet avers in another lyric,  
*"June is the pearl of our New England year."*

William Cullen Bryant, half druid that he was, and deep read in nature's mysteries, might have been expected to lay the fairest verse-chaplet at the summer

queen's feet. Yet his poem on June is conceived in such a peculiarly morbid vein that, were it not read in the light of his stronger and saner "Thanatopsis," it would convey a wrong idea of this sane strong poet's view of death. He expresses the wish that June might be the month of his taking off, his reason therefor being given in the concluding two stanzas—possibly unfamiliar enough to bear quoting:

*"I know, I know I should not see  
The season's glorious show;  
Nor its wild music flow.  
But if around my place of sleep  
The friends I love should come to weep,  
They might not haste to go.  
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom  
Should keep them lingering round my tomb."*

*These to their softened hearts should bear  
The thoughts of what has been,  
And speak of one who cannot share  
The gladness of the scene;  
Whose part in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is—that his grave is green.  
And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
To hear again his living voice."*

We cannot but think that this sweet poet of nature conceded something to mere fancy and set up this skeleton at the feast of June-tide beauty purely for the sake of contrast and because the conception was quaint. We cannot but think that one who could write so beautifully of becoming "A brother to the insensible rock and to the sluggish clod," would, rather, cheerfully "Wrap the drapery of his couch about him," recking little if his pleasant dreams were dreamed beneath grass or snow, and desiring least of all things that his tomb should draw the hearts of his friends from contemplation of the beauties of that nature he supremely loved.

The English and Scotch poets are not so uniformly agreed as to the apotheosis of June as are our own. Ingelow, indeed, declares:

*"The warm winds flattered my soul, blowing  
straight from the soul of June,"* and speaks of

*"The white broom fluttering her flowers in calm  
June weather."*

And Thomson, whose "Seasons," though now little coned, and even in our school days chiefly piecemeal and for parsing, has nevertheless, as it behooves us to remember, been called the finest descriptive poem in the language—has a harvest scene, too long to quote, but eminently worthy of the subject, and that magnificent passage portraying a June dawn and beginning—too bad that it has the ring of Harvey's Grammar—

*"Short is the doubtful empire of the night,  
And soon, observant of the approaching day,  
The meek-eyed dawn appears, mother of dews."*

Byron and Moore, however, are not so enthusiastic over the salubrity of the sixth month under insular skies. The former complains of

*"The English winter, ending in July  
To recommence in August,"*  
and the latter facetiously announces that—  
*"June had now  
Set in with all his usual rigor."*

This difference in point of view must be, more than anything else, the difference between the funny and the melancholy, the optimistic and the pessimistic phases of the poetic temperament.

There will always be people who think more about the thorns in which June's roses are set than about the roses; people to whom the possible aphides at the hearts of some flowers will appear more worthy of attention than the perfume at the hearts of all. But June is haloed with rose-color to so many others—the children knee-deep in its grasses with their hands full of berries and blossoms, the old who feel their veins new-kindled with its annual rejuvenation, the sweet girl graduates and brave boy graduates, look-



## Mr. Stoddard's Paintings

By F. O. Sylvester

ing out on life through vistas of roses, the bride and groom who behold the blossoming of their rose of love, that no one, though an Englishman, will ever persuade any considerable following to view it through blue spectacles.

A backward spring, a season of unwonted drought or rain or unusual heat or cold—a season when any of the odd pranks or freaks of nature prevail, may have its positive advantages. If the summer is late in coming, May will have the moon roses left to bequeath to June. The season may be backward, the rains may be cold, the wheat may be ruddy with rust when it should be golden with ripeness, and what ought to be "Red June" apples may be little, withered, yellow "blasties," thicker on the ground than on the tree; but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good—even though it be a northeast wind in June. Into each life some off years must fall; and, be it ever so late summer must come at last. Somewhere it has come already, in all its wonted bounty and splendor. It is written that seedtime and harvest on earth shall not fail.

Not the least regarded joy is that which is long a hope; not the least lonely character, that which flowers late, and not the least adorable June, the one at first a little coy and chary of her smiles.

♦ ♦ ♦

## The Fount of Song

By Fiona McLeod

WHAT is the song I am singing?"

Said the pine-tree to the wave:

"Do you not know the song

You have sung so long

Down in the dim green alleys of the sea,

And where the great blind tides go swinging

Mysteriously,

And where the countless herds of the billows are hurl'd

On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?"

"Ah, Pine-tree," sighed the wave,

"I have no song but what I catch from thee:

Far off I hear thy strain

Of infinite sweet pain

That floats along the lovely phantom land.

I sigh, and murmur it o'er and o'er and o'er,

When 'neath the slow compelling hand

That guides me back and far from the loved shore,

I wander long

Where never falls the breath of any song,

But only the loud, empty, crashing roar

Of seas swung this way and that for evermore."

"What is the song I am singing?"

Said the poet to the pine:

"Do you not know the song

You have sung so long

Here in the dim green alleys of the woods

Where the wild winds go wandering in all moods,

And whisper often o'er and o'er,

Or in tempestuous clamors roar

Their dark eternal secret evermore?"

"Oh, Poet," said the pine,

"Thine

Is that song!

Not mine!

I have known it, loved it, long!

Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry

Through dusk and storm and night,

Or prophesy

When tempests whirl us with their awful might.

Only, I know that when

The poet's voice is heard

Among the woods

The infinite pain from out the hearts of men

Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or bird

In these dumb solitudes."

From The Academy.

NO one-man exhibition of paintings ever held in St. Louis has been more interesting and worthy of admiration than that of Mr. Frederick Lincoln Stoddard now being shown at the Galleries of the St. Louis Artist's Guild, 625 Locust street. To those who love the beautiful, visits to the Dolph Building to see these paintings are a necessity, but to those who have never yet awakened to the sense of the loveliness which the artist and poet see and feel in nature and in art, a study of these pictures may open a world of delight which seemed never to exist before. An hour or two spent in the presence of a few beautiful pictures, as these are, will open one's inner eye to a realization of a world that is most inviting and refreshing, a world that is very desirable and useful, a world that may be found about us, even at our very doors, a world that has for its notes of music the sunlight and the shadow; for its tune, the flow of the stream, the rustle of the leaves, the wind amid the corn, the curl of the smoke and puff of the steam; for its chords and tones, the color of dawn and twilight and evening star, midday and deep of night; for its melody, the strains of joy or sorrow of the human heart, and for its harmony, the consciousness that, as the poet says, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." I know a man in the West End who, from the possession and study of the color and beauty of a few simple vases and pictures of not too prohibitive a cost, has gained an insight into this world of art and nature, which, falsely, we have been accustomed to believe was only intended for a chosen few—artists and poets. As one good poem, instinct with kindness, human love and charity, will sing of its own innate sweetness within the heart and temper our often all-too-quick and unjust judgment of our fellow men, so the beauty of one good painting will enrich our consciousness to an ever deepening and satisfying artistic perception of nature and art.

Stoddard at his best has the power to disclose this so much desired beauty and to arouse by his best pictures this long dormant sense of the beautiful, into a vital, useful and healthful activity. Some of his best things are to be seen in this exhibition and many of his fellow artists have been most delighted to find therein such a variety and yet so much quality of good painting. I am sure that I voice the opinion of all our painters when I say that Stoddard is undoubtedly the strongest mural decorator in the West, and justly is St. Louis proud of the many fine things which he has done and which are to remain a goodly possession for our city in the years to come. Justly may St. Louis be proud of Stoddard's decorations in the Mayor's office, in Strauss' studio, in the Jefferson Hotel, in the McKinley High School and in several other equally important places in the city. Justly also may Stoddard be proud of such a record achieved in so short a time and proud of the appreciation of St. Louis in recognizing his artistic ability and utilizing it to such good purposes.

In the present exhibition are to be seen many photographs, the gift of Mr. Strauss to the artist, of nearly all the important decorations and while they form the least conspicuous part of the display, yet they represent the most distinguished record of Stoddard's achievement, and from them one can get a good idea of his versatility. To those who have never seen the originals, a view of the Strauss photographs will certainly create a most earnest desire to visit the places where the decorations themselves are placed and see the works at first hand. May New York welcome Stoddard and honor him as St. Louis has honored him and enable him to advance yet farther in his profession! That he may succeed and win the highest possible renown in the East is the sincere wish of all his friends and brother artists in St. Louis.

While no artist here would be so much missed as

Stoddard and no one has as much to stay for as he, yet no one has quite as much to go away for; that is, no one is artistically as versatile and experienced and can change his place of residence with as little disturbance of the family circle as Stoddard can. Though it is not granted us all to have our homes decorated with mural paintings by an artist like Stoddard, yet it is not impossible for many of us to possess a photograph of some work of his or even a small picture in water color or oil which shall adequately represent his talent. Among the collection of pictures, landscapes and figures on exhibition at the Guild Galleries are several that would not heavily tax the pocket book of any business man. Many a man or woman pays more each week or month for flowers or theater tickets or entertainments than would purchase a picture from this exhibit. The roses fade and the wine glass after the theater is soon empty, but a good picture is a permanent joy and helpful treasure. Let us not forget that the artist, as well as the brewer and the ticket seller and the broker, has to live and offers a worthy substitute for their wares, at least once in a year or two. I should like to see every canvas of Stoddard's stay in this city to enrich the homes of our citizens; because they are well worthy of places in the best homes and it would reflect discredit upon the city to pass them unheeded or with empty appreciation.

Take, for instance, No. 151, "The Rainbow." Is it not a complete and beautiful picture, with an idea expressed in it that is worthy of permanent place in our thoughts? Will it not worthily decorate any wall of our best room and be of interest and pleasure to ourselves and friends? Could we not feel sure that not so many years distant, it will be worth double what we paid for it? Would not a glance or study of it be a help to us as we go to our work in the city, or return from the desks at night? I am sure we can answer yes, and that we can find other pictures in the exhibit that are equally attractive and valuable to our individual tastes.

Sit for as long a time as possible before No. 136, "Nature's Sanctuary," and, losing a sense of the busy world outside, try to concentrate your thought on what this picture has to say. I have felt, when seated thus, that I was in the center of some vast cathedral, lost in reverence and peace; from above through the clere-story windows poured the golden light, which, passing downward, flooded the great spaces of the nave and played around the tall clustered columns and over-arching vaults. The conception of this picture is most elevated and poetic, revealing a universe, *not* formed, as Tennyson sang in the "Idylls of the King." "As if some lesser god had made the world, but had not force to shape it as he would," but rather as if, leaving our artificial life of vanities in the crowded city, and our unprofitable inhumanity to man, we went hand in hand into the sunshine of the world's new spring, recognizing each other's good as the only permanent profit and a world of good as the only worthy reality for us to hold in consciousness. So I might go on, citing number after number and find in each the stamp of an earnest artist expressing an ideal. Some are fair and flooded with the sunshine of early spring; some speak of blossoms and birds; others of deep summer woods and clear pools; while autumn claims a goodly part, with its rich foliage and cool spaces of field and hill. Lest I seem to see the whole exhibition with rose-colored glasses, and sound the trumpet of praise too continuously, I suppose it would be well to speak of some of the shortcomings of this exhibit, and yet I shall refrain from doing so, because, wishing to judge righteous judgment, I find therein expressed the same sincere effort and struggle, the same earnest desire and inspiration for beauty, the same limitations and successes that are to be found in every true artist's work, and time itself only emphasizes these qualities. Though an artist shall rise to the height of fame, he shall not escape criticisms at the hands of the

jealous, the too-strenuously ambitious, the inartistic, the huckster and the inflated art poser and patronizer. Only a fellow artist with similar hopes and aspirations, with brotherly love and true insight may judge as he would himself be judged, and realize with deep sincerity these words of the poet:

*"I wonder if ever a song were sung,  
But the singer's heart sang sweeter;  
I wonder if ever a rhyme were rung,  
But the thought surpassed the meter.  
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,  
The dream of his inmost soul portrayed."*

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## The Proprieties

- From the French of Hugues le Croix by

H. Twitchell

"SAY, Barker, your honest opinion now as to my chances!"

"They're excellent, M. le Comte."

These words were delivered with English self-confidence, each one suggesting a fist doubled up for boxing. M. de Loyaumont made a haughty gesture which seemed to signify: "Fate knows what she owes me." Nevertheless, his nervousness continued to betray itself by the torture to which he subjected the cord of his monocle, as he convulsively rolled it between his fingers.

It was the eve of the Grand Prix, and despite the certainty of his trainer, the count felt anxious. To be sure, Jaguar was an admirable beast. He had shown at Chantilly what could be expected of him in the way of speed. If such a horse did not lead from start to finish, his owner had better lay aside his colors and sell his whole string. But a race held such strange surprises! Fully launched in anxious thought, M. de Loyaumont drew his aristocratic brows quite together in a frown, as some one tapped lightly on the door of his smoking-room.

"What is it, Firmin?" he asked, impatiently.

"Madame sends word to monsieur that M. Berard was very ill last night."

The frown deepened. "Tell madame that I must go to see my horse now. I will visit M. Berard before luncheon."

He did not speak another word, but he was really very much annoyed. When the count had married M. Berard's niece, it was with the understanding that he was never to be expected to visit the uncle, and now this tradesman, with the audacity of millionaires, had permitted himself to fall ill at the house of the person whom he—very impatiently—termed his "son-in-law."

Nothing but the excellent condition in which he found Jaguar could have restored the count to anything like good humor. The horse's croup was a trifle too receding, perhaps, and the flanks too round, in spite of training. But the muscles stood up well beneath the network of veins, whose capricious geography could be followed under the skin, soft and satin-like to the touch.

As M. de Loyaumont entered the dimly lighted stall, Jaguar turned his head toward the door, then thrust out his nose as if to nip his master, and began to paw the fresh straw. To speak truly, the man and his horse resembled each other. Race was apparent in both, in their forceful leanness, their ease of movement, their fineness of nerve and muscle.

The count passed the rest of the forenoon in chatting with the stable-boys, listening to the gossip of the jockeys, and the rumors afloat regarding Jaguar's competitors. He had so entirely forgone M. Berard's indisposition that he could not repress a start when Firmin said to him, at the door of his hotel: "M. le Comte, it is a stroke of apoplexy."

He went up to the chamber where the sick man lay stretched out on a massive canopied bed. His silvery hair, cropped short on his bullet-like head, and the bright color of the bed-covers served to heighten the purple hue of his face. The neckband of his shirt had been opened, and his hands were lying quiet and inert on the counterpane. The agony of the tradesman seemed quite out of place in this imposing room, on the massive bed. From the walls portraits of be-wigged gentlemen in uniforms, their hands on their swords, seemed to be looking down with an expression of disgust on the man who presumed to die in their domain. M. de Loyaumont's face wore the same look for the same reason as he remarked to the physician: "Indigestion, isn't it?"

The doctor shook his head. He had tried every remedy, but nothing had been of any use. M. Berard's time to go had evidently come. It was a fatal stroke. The count grasped the doctor's arm, and exclaimed: "It must not be! My horse is to run day after to-morrow, and it is impossible to withdraw him."

The doctor made a gesture of helplessness. M. de Loyaumont was not disposed to accept a decision so contrary to his wishes, and, after another remark to the doctor, he rushed down to the apartments of the countess. He found her in consultation with her dressmaker, but so unnerved was he that he did not heed the presence of a stranger. He stood before his wife with arms crossed, and remarked, grimly: "Do you know that your uncle is dying?"

This information was as unpleasant to the countess as it had been to her husband, and she replied ill-humoredly: "Well, it doesn't amuse me any more than it does you. My gown is ready for the Grand Prix, and I have just received a dream of a hat."

These selfish remarks added to the count's irritation. He rejoined sharply: "Is that all the disappointment this mishap causes you?"

"Do you want me to weep?"

"No! I want you to be angry! Such a lack of tact! To choose my house! And this week of all others!"

M. de Loyaumont could control himself no longer. "These upstarts!" he groaned, between his set teeth, then went out, slamming the door.

M. Berard died that night at six o'clock, without recovering consciousness. There was no anxiety as to his will, however. The worthy man had brought up his niece from infancy. He had sent her to a convent to be educated with the daughters of the nobility. All his life he had toiled for her, first for her dot, then for her fortune. He had not even suffered from her ingratitude. He was satisfied to be the lower step of the monumental staircase by which his Heloise had mounted to fortune. And now, in death, his face wore the calm expression of those who, not having lived for themselves, quit the world without regret.

On his return from dinner, M. de Loyaumont found Barker in the ante-chamber. This disturbed him, and he said, anxiously: "Has anything happened to Jaguar?"

"No, M. le Comte."

"What then?"

"Madame's uncle is dead."

Forgetting his usual self-mastery, the count rushed up to his wife's room like a whirlwind.

"Well," he exclaimed, "it has happened!"

Mme. de Loyaumont paused in her examination of a bit of lace.

"But it need not prevent your horse from running; uncle would not have wished it."

The count shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't care what he would have wished, and I never looked to him for lessons in propriety."

"Nor to you, either," was on the end of his tongue, but he restrained himself through habit. Mme. de Loyaumont did not consider herself beaten, so she continued: "Uncle did not go into society, you know, and none of our friends ever saw him. Would it not

be enough for me and you to remain at home Sunday?"

"And let my jockey wear crepe on his sleeve?" sneered the count.

Then as the countess urged that she had seen young Terament at the chase shortly after the death of his mother, De Loyaumont forgot himself again.

"To hunt is permissible in mourning, but there are conventionalities that you ought to be familiar with by this time!" he fairly hissed. "Upon my word, I thought you were more capable of learning!"

"Then what are you going to do about it?" inquired the lady in an offended tone.

Without replying, M. de Loyaumont pressed the button of the electric bell. A servant appeared, and he said: "Send the cook up to me at once."

The chef lost no time in presenting himself.

"Casimir, have you room in the refrigerator for a large object?"

"How large, M. le Comte?"

"Oh, a boar—or a bear," replied the count, calmly.

"Last week I lost a fine shad, but the weather is cooler now, so I think there would be no trouble in keeping a large object; we might try, monsieur."

A slight nod indicated that this satisfied the master; he continued, calmly: "My wife's uncle has died suddenly. If this is known before Sunday night my horse can not run. I want you to put the refrigerator in the old coach-house and try to keep the body. You understand, don't you? A word more. You know that I am liberal. Before and after I rely on you to keep the servants from gossiping."

A smile of comprehension flitted over the man's features. He replied with all deference: "M. le Comte may rest easy on that score."

To tell the truth, every one in the house had money staked on Jaguar.

\*\*\*

## Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dearest Wren:

TODAY will see some old friends of thine changed in the twinkling of me eyelashes, from single blessedness into double—well, ecstasy is about as good a word as any, eh? Jane, since neither you nor me has tried it. Rebecca Plummer and Firmin Desloge will trot in one harness and Charlie Galloway and Garfielda Miller in another. Rebecca and Firmin are just too cute for anything, together. They are about of a size, you remember, and Becky's bloneness goes very nicely with Firmin's brownness and they both look so young and innocent and turtle-dovey and that sort of thing, that I'm just crazy about them and can't wait till the ceremony, which is to be to-night at seven o'clock, a perfectly beastly hour with no chance for dinner and a horrible rush around—and a cutting short of my afternoon spin in the park. The wedding is to be at the Plummer house, and that dandy Jesuit who is so smart and has written such learned books and treatises, W. Banks Rogers, is to make them one. I don't know whether Rebecca is a Roman Catholic or not, but the Desloges all are, and, of course, would have the most bang-up kind of a house ceremony. Only a few of us are asked to the ceremony, which is the style nowadays if you would be very exclusive and devoted-to-your-family, but a fairly large reception comes after. I'm glad that Rebecca didn't choose that kind of a wedding which so many girls lately are stuck on—crowds of people invited to the church, where only the minister costs money, and no feed nor anything at the house afterwards—"Just all our family, you know, and a few intimate friends." This sort of rot strikes me as the worst sort of snobbery, and I've known it to be done by scores of girls who don't want the expense of a big wedding, but who hope for presents all the same and therefore send cards to everybody they can find in the Blue Book.



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One girl whom you know so well that I'm not going to mention her name, Jane, lest you cease to keep me on your list, subjected herself to such ridicule last winter by the way she managed her wedding that in the opinion of your devoted birdie she will never be able to live it down. People have the most terrible memory when it comes to such things, Jane. Well, anyhow, this is what she did: She isn't in society, I mean in very far, and probably never will be, but her wedding offered such glorious possibilities to drive the entering wedge that she couldn't resist, in spite of much remonstrance from papa, who is one of your old fashioned kind, with no nonsense about him. So the family pinched and saved and suffered, and the show came off in due time, with a whole string of bridesmaids in picture hats and the Lord knows what all, and the ushers in gloves that fit too soon, and fuss and feathers enough to make a dog laugh. Papa led the blushing bride, who was properly pale, down the middle church aisle, looking every step as if he ought to step into each pew and apologize for making such an everlasting ass of himself; and the whole thing went off with eclat, as I suppose you would say down by the Seine. But nobody got a bid to the house—every man Jack, with all the Jills in his family, who can lay claim to being "in society" was in the church, but that's all—not a smell of the wedding cake did we get, nor a chance to see how our present stacked up alongside of the other fellow's. And the next day you should have seen the papers—every one of 'em had a list a mile long, with all the names that count for anything in the whole of St. Louis and the rhubarbs, from Mrs. Francis down and out. What do you think of that, anyway? Now, I don't believe those people are going to call on that bride next fall or this summer or last spring. Some of them went to the wedding because it was in St. Peter's church and was advertised for days as a big show, but that'll be about all. So papa might just as well have bought that heavy overcoat he needed so much last February, and mamma might have saved herself the attack of rheumatism which followed close on the heels of this grand church wedding. You see the bride married a bank clerk—he was, I believe, and so he will continue for some time, I daresay, and the whole thing was terribly out of focus.

*Hoec fabula docet, Janum*, and you won't need any assistance from me to grasp the full significance of the *docet*, either.

✱

The Galloway-Miller event will be pulled off this morning, and my stars! I never did see anybody so much in love as Charlie. And it's not the first time,

either. Gee! I should think not. A musician and in love but once? Not on your life. Besides, they need the practice. It makes 'em compose better. Alfred Robyn told me so, once, and if he isn't authority on that line I'll eat my hat. Garfielda is a darned nice girl, and so tickled at the prospect of getting a trip to Europe and a year in Paris and study under one of the best vocal teachers, with Charlie kind of thrown in, that she radiates sunshine all round herself for blocks. I saw her the other day at one of those South St. Louis salubrious sensations known as a "sock shower," and I speak by the book—I mean by the socks. Say, Jane, I wonder if they do that kind of thing in other towns—this shower business. Now you needn't whoop and yell and grow hysterical with laughter, for they're an established custom in St. Louis and growing more established every year. I've been to linen showers and kitchen showers and sock showers and pillow showers—one of these last was a genuine affair, for a girl forgot to stuff her pillow securely, and we had feathers in the ice cream and feathers in our eyebrows for days to come. Oh, Jane, there's no end to 'em—it's a kind of hold-up, too, on the girl's friends, for if they are intimate enough to be invited to a shower, they are presumably going to the wedding and therefore forced to take cut glass or carving sets or other appropriate and exchangeable articles, and this shower stunt acting as a preamble, and not one, but several showers, according to the diabolical ingenuity of the bride—I always will maintain that she puts her friends up to the precipitations—is altogether too stiff for the pocket-book. But if you decline to assist at a shower you're set down as mean and stingy and, ten to one, get left out on the wedding proposition altogether. I wish they'd go out of style, 'deed I does, Jane.

✱

Charlie Galloway is going to be missed next year. I forgot to tell you the Apollos have put in a young man of whom you've not heard, Arthur Lieber, who has had no experience whatever in conducting, except a little in choirs—very different from that rollicking outfit, the Apollo boys—and whose personal magnetism can't get within ten miles of either Charlie or Fred Robyn. So I don't want to croak, but I look for a dubious season next year for the Apollos. And wouldn't that just please Fred nearly out of his boots? He has a new chorus, the Amphibians, or something like that, and they sing sea songs out of sight. He is dying to work them up 'way past the Apollo pitch, and he may do it next year.

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isn't that awful? Just as we get a real good artist along some line or other, he gets better appreciation and more of it in the coin of the realm, and off he goes. We can't keep 'em only in their amateur days, Jane, and, by golly, it's a pity. Just think of the men we've lost—Ruckstuhl, Von Saltza, Paul Cornoyer, who said he'd have starved to death here if he'd have stayed a year longer, Frank Aide, all down the artist line, even to that boy who used to draw funny dashy girls for one of the papers—the *Republic*, it was—a young son of George McManus, the veteran theater manager—and now Stoddard is the latest source of our regret, while we wish him the success he deserves and which he will undoubtedly get, and that right soon. Musicians are just as bad. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if Galloway, whom we've not half appreciated, and whom the French think second to none among the young men, and with only Guilmant, Galloway's master, Saint Saens, and a few of the old fellows, for his superiors, would stay over there permanently. When Guilmant was here last year at the Fair he is said to have made some very flattering offers and opened some very delightful vistas to his pet pupil, Charlie, and as the dear old Frenchman is well along in years and will be ready before long to abdicate, nothing would suit him so well as to have his most talented pupil step into his shoes. Mark my words, Jane, Charlie Galloway will never come back to wear out his life trying to tone down the shrill boyish voices in a tolerably cheap choir, nor even to lead the august and elegant Apollos. Keep your weather eye on him in Paris, and don't fail to let me know when things develop—I'll send you the Galloway address as soon as he and his bride get settled there, which will not be before September, as they are to honeymoon awhile in England, Scotland and Ireland.

Oh, Jane, Mrs. Joe Lucas has gone to London to swell around in the biggest kind of style. Somebody

told me the other day that she has dead loads of English friends who are way up high in society—the real inner circle, you understand—and that she expects to play bridge with King Edward himself. Now wouldn't that bob your cork? And you can just bet that Frances McLaren Lucas will hold her end, all right. She's the real stuff and got more empressment about her than anybody else in this neck o' the woods.

✧

Before I get off the subject of St. Louis artists who remove themselves to other pastures because they're not appreciated here, I must not forget to ask if you've seen anything of Clara Pfeifer, and did you know that she is married? Clara is the little sculptor who did that graceful statue in the entrance to Kingsbury Place, and a gorgeous lot of other things that are round town in various houses—Mrs. James L. Blair had one of her best bits, a clock pedestal—wonder if that went with the wreck? Well, Clara went to Paris a year ago to work and study, and set up a studio in the Quartier Latin and has done very well, I'm told. Now she is out with the news that she has been married since last February to some artist chap from Boston, who was also living in your beloved Paree, and that they suppressed the fact because the groom's parents hadn't been able to get across the pond—and incidentally see if Clara would do, I suppose, though heaven knows how they could have helped matters, at this late day, even if they thought she wouldn't do. But you know Boston's little ways, and may be I'm dead wrong all round. Anyhow the man's name is Edmund Anthony Garrett, so Robert Bringham tells me, and they are to settle in New York pretty soon, where Garrett will proceed to sell some new kind of paints that he has invented. I'm glad of that. What would happen and who would take care of the babies if they both sculped and painted? Clara was an attractive little thing—not a scrap of good looks about her,

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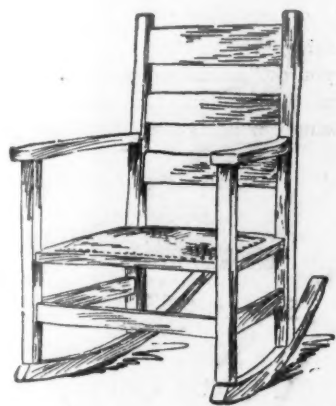
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inating personality. And great Jehosaphat! how deep in love with her Paul Carnoyer used to be. They were engaged before he left for the East, and when she was working in the Bringham studio; and one day there was some terrible kind of a rumpus—Carnoyer butted in and slapped Bobbie Bringham on the right cheek or something like that, and Clara broke her engagement and—that's all, I guess. There was an inside story, but the details never leaked out.

Gee whiz! Jane, don't you wish you had some romantic story or other kind of settling down like a halo over your head. I think it's simply daisy, and keeps people nudging one another and saying, "There! See that tall girl in the pink sun-bonnet! Why, she had a terrible case with Tom Francis, and they say that Charlie McKeen is actually pining away with love of her," or some more sensible remarks of that kind.

Blanche Euston Woods is out for a divorce. You know she and poor old Louis haven't lived together for upwards of two years, and the grounds will be desertion. Will I ever forget that night Louis Woods tried to kill himself in the Colonial Building? All those fellows who live there, or did at that time—Stanley Stoner, Henry T. Kent, and some more—just had spasms they were so afraid they would get mixed up in the case; and all the while poor Louis was bleeding his life away and moaning for his wife. They had had a quarrel a short time before and he left her to go to her father, who is Alexander Euston, you know, while he took an apartment and kind of haunted her. Blanche is awfully pretty and has two lovely children. That was the grand finale. The Eustons couldn't stand the scandal and they did everything they could to get Louis out of town and out of communication with his wife. I expect they were justified, for the word incompetent seemed to fit him somehow, but he was a likable chap, just the same, and Blanche certainly loved him when they were married and a good while afterward. So he went off to Chicago and Blanche has lived with her father in the strictest kind of seclusion ever since. I never see her at any functions, and they say she is wrapped up completely in her children.

I hear, Blue, that some girls—you wrote about them a month ago—who have just returned from Paris,

have brought back some of the most adorable cigarettes imaginable. Some Oriental art student got them straight from his old folks at home in their God-forsaken 'eathen land, and gave the rather gay St. Louis girls loads of 'em. They brought back gorgeous clothes, too, I hear, but I don't envy them for their Parisian female apparel, for I'm getting right here at home some pretty decent fig-leaves for myself—tell you about my hand-embroidered pajamas, as well as my German Val "altogether" dress in my next letter. Truth is, that, though the pajamas are sublime in pale lavender crepe and white clover leaves and flowers, I don't know, yet, anything about the dress except that the all-over lace is exquisite, and it's to be draped into the "altogether" effect by being made princess fashion over God knows how many under-dresses of silk and chiffon and mull. I am going to wear socks with it, and they are going to be pale green. But as I was saying, the returned prodigal daughters may sport all the duds they please, and you won't hear my conversation getting green—but the Kind Devil only knows what I may do if I happen in their Holy of Holies for another smoke and don't get a whack at their wonderful 'baccy. Heavens, Jane! Get a case up with some man like that—never mind his complexion—but get up a case and work him for cigarettes and send me, by registered mail, special delivery, all your superfluity, "and prove the heavens more kind."

I was speaking of German Val lace—well you ought to see a waist that Mrs. Martin Shaughnessy has of it. I was out at the Washington Hotel to take dinner with her the other day. She just came back from a long sojourn in Baltimore and New York a short while before the Lindell closed. You know her husband owned that hotel and she had perfectly beautiful rooms there, furnished gorgeously. The 21st of June she and Mr. Shaughnessy sail for Europe on the *Baltic*. Well, as I started to say, she had on a pale blue dress, wonderfully soft and most mysteriously made—simple in lines and complex in trimming. When I saw that dress I went crazy and begged her to show me some of her new clothes. I can't tell you about them for you know how lunny I get on the subject, but this waist was a dream. The lace was magnificent, and it was made over a slip of pale blue silk—she wears lots of blue. It, too, had that marvel-



## THIS TIME'S HERE

June, the month of weddings, has wheeled in upon us.

Perhaps you're to be at one of the many functions, and may be your frock coat is not fit to do duty, or perhaps you've no Frock Coat at all.

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**Mills & Averill**

**Broadway and Pine.**

ous simplicity of effect that characterizes her clothes—and I may say, her character—anyway, it looked like her, and the quaint collar that was draped about the shoulders was appliqued with the softest, finest, leather, burnt in a design very decorative and painted in five or six gentle pastel shades. Oh, but it was a dream! And as for Mrs. Shaughnessy, herself—she's a perfectly adorable woman. She's always been generous to everybody, and so has her husband—and I've

heard that the bread they cast upon the waters must have been sponge-cake, for it's floated back terribly puffed up—until now the eminent Martin is one of the few dozen millionaires of this town. Lots of people will toady to her like the deuce now, as they have done in the past, but she won't be spoiled, and any one who tries to rush her because of money and position will end by loving her for herself. Oh, Jane, now can you call me cynical? But I've adored her ever since our Mary Institute days, and I get downright gushy when I try to talk or write about her. Her husband is an automobile fiend, and he also knows a thing or two about pictures. Only the other day he bought a big French machine. Wonder what he's done with his others. I gave Mrs. S. your address, so you'll see her late this summer.

Sarah Teasdale and her mother, Mrs. Teasdale of Lindell boulevard, arrived last Friday from New York. They had come directly home after their long European trip. Sarah will make her social debut this winter, I suppose. She's wild about Paris and Rome, and brought back wonderful books and trunks full of clothes. She has one green gown in which she'll look well for she has glorious red hair. But it's a shame that Sarah's got to keep up the family traditions and do the social act, for she's the cleverest girl in a family of clever women, and one of the cleverest in St. Louis. As Clark McAdams says in his dramatic critiques, "They come one in a box." I think it's a shame that she isn't poor—because she'd have to use her brains then, and she could do about any literary stunts she wished—if she needed to work. Perhaps, though, she will do them anyway. Annie Lou Caldwell is some relation of hers, but I think it's by marriage. I hope so, because Annie Lou trots in another class. She's to be graduated from Hosmer Hall this year. The papers have advertised her prospective trip to Europe, her debut to come in the winter, and her relationship to Mrs. George Williard Teasdale, who is going to be on deck when Annie Lou is christened Debutante. The school girls break into the papers these days in three-column cuts and are "figures" in the news long before their mothers were allowed to read the newspapers. Annie Lou makes a swell half-tone in the papers and perhaps her publicity will enhance her somewhat deficient tact towards her elders. She has a good profile and her complexion is improvable and improving. Her pompadour is an atrocity, however, and her conversation mostly about Smith Academy kids, will be benefited by a Parisian sojourn. When you meet them in Paris you'll be particularly charmed with her mother.

There's another girl named Margaret Post here, whose gentle photograph has crept or rather been run into the papers several times of late. I had never heard of her, personally, but I met her the other day. She's a gushing young creature—and she doesn't look terribly young either, but always beneath her photograph ran the legend, "Neice of Mrs. Kate Somebody, of Vandeventer Place." I was rather surprised to learn, however, that she has a mother and father with whom she abides somewhere out in Cabanne. They credit her—some reporters—with playing tennis, etc. Well, I guess she can play tennis. She looks strong and healthy.

Oh, Jane, darn it all—St. Louis is dead tiresome now, for yours truly. Yesterday I was trying to think of something to do that would shock people, when the telephone rang and one of my "constituents" begged me to let him take me to McTague's for dinner. I agreed, though I didn't care much for the man. I was restless as the deuce and he was unpleasant in remarking it. Well, I *did* disgrace myself. You remember that splendid brass banister down the middle of those steps, don't you? The restaurant was full, and Ninth street crowded, but when we got down the steps I made him wait there for me while I ran back to the carriage. It was only a bluff. "I'm coming this way," I called down. And in a minute all the

wild dreams of my childhood were realized, for I was astride the rail, sliding down the most wonderful banister I ever coasted. People stared. He caught me as I reached the end, and then we went in to dinner. I won't tell you any more, but Jane, dear, I am disgraced forever, I suppose. Well, anyway, he asked me to marry him. He's lots of money, and I *may*. For I'm mad at Billy now. I suppose though, he thought he had to, since he and I are involved in a scandal together. Well, it wasn't quite as bad as E's case—when she and Jim went out into the wilderness in an auto and it broke down so that they didn't get home till 5 a. m. But, my chicken, no matter what versions you hear of my escapade remember that it happened *before* taking instead of *after*. And remember, please, that I was dying of ennui, and really I don't care. I'll do it again, see if I don't sometime—and I had on the socks you sent me last month, too. Don't smile, sarcastically, because I say I have no regrets. I'll wear the pale blue ones next time.

Let me see if I can think up a few choice bits for you about the girls. I've not done much lately except trot out to the clubs for tennis and golf, the weather has been so fine. Louise Espenschied has a new green sunshade which I covet. But if she wears it again with that brilliant blue dress of hers I shall throw a fit. And Mrs. George Shields has got one of those new embroidered linen suits with a short coat like a waiter's jacket bobbed off behind—most eccentric—and Clara Clark is no nearer making up her mind to marry Bob Wade than she was four years ago—they go together all the time, though, and Clara is stunning this spring in all kinds of white duds. The Dave Francises gave a garden party—four to seven—yesterday; all the push, of course, only Dave couldn't do a thing, for he got spilled out of an auto in Cincinnati and sprained his ankle—bruised legs are the order this year in the Francis family. Mrs. Dave is just about after several months' nursing her broken member. Bessie Clark Boeckeler's father, Benjamin W. Clark, died the other day, leaving a large property. They live in Portland Place, you know. We all went out to the Country Club performance,—"As You Like It"—on the green sward, only we didn't like it a bit, for the grass was so wet I ruined my best moleskin shoes and caught the cold of my life. Very swell, of course, and all the exclusive bunch there were thanking the Lord the common people were barred. And they say Florence Lucas Boyer's husband Julius, is "sheet-writing" in a "book" at one of the race tracks at \$10 per day—hard luck, if true, and Mrs. Bob Aull's jewels are being peddled around town by a broker, and Mrs. Frank Roth, *nee* Bevis, is *not* going to live in Europe permanently. The annual D. O. C. ball, which has degenerated into a kind of cheap dance for a crowd of kids, with only Mrs. Belle Castleman Carroll to uphold the dignity, came off last week. That will be sufficient for this time, Jenny, darling. Au revoir.

BLUE JAY.

## Two Babies

THE home baby and the hotel baby met on the northeast corner of the park entrance. "I am surprised," said the hotel baby, "to see the way you dress. Are you not aware that those loose gowns are no longer in vogue in the best corridors?"

"Oh, I just slipped this on, lounging around," said the home baby. "Nothing like being comfortable, you know."

"I suppose," said the hotel baby, "that you would never hesitate to sacrifice good form to comfort. With me, it's different. I have to maintain a certain standing. My mother, for example, never dares to go down to the table without her full complement of rings on. It is just as necessary that I should preserve the family appearance."

"Dear me," said the home baby. "How tiresome. Can't you sneak away at times down the coal hole, or out in the back alley and let yourself loose?"

"Never!" said the hotel baby, with dignity. "Somebody is always watching me."

"I tell you what you do," said the home baby; "you come home with me. The outside world cannot see us there. We'll kick up our heels and just have a real good time."

The hotel baby drew himself up to full height.

"God will see us," he said reproachfully, "and you know, you little unregenerate heathen, that He doesn't approve any more of people who live in homes."

New York Life.

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## The Wise and the Foolish One

A Fable

By Bessie L. Russell

THE Foolish One was sad and distraught. The things that were wont to comfort her failed of their mission. In her distress she appealed to a fellow traveler going the very same way. She had heard that he was called the Wise One; so it was she felt he could impart something worth while.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the Foolish One, "but I would have a talk with you. Can you listen, Wise One?"

The Wise One smiled generously. "Aye, that I can," he said softly. "I have ever been a good listener. It is through listening, in fact, that I have attained my wisdom. It is to the world's listeners that we are indebted for all we know of life. The naturalist listens to nature, the scientist, too, hears what the elements are saying to him; the artist has an ear ever attuned to the beauty of bird and flower and sunset and the poet listens to the harmonious whole of voices in nature and in man. Yes, woman, I have ever time to listen."

Then the Foolish One poured forth her confession. "Oh, Wise One," she said, "I have asked of Life that it show me its every joy. Every blessing known to human kind I have prayed to Life that it would give to me, and Life has been kind. Why, Wise One, my mother tells me that my first cry was an appeal, and these appeals from year to year seem to have been made with religious regularity. Now, however, of late, Life seems to be unsatisfying, and, as I told you at the start, the things that were wont to comfort me fail of their comfort."

The Wise One paused a moment before answering. "Yes, yes," he said, sympathetically, "yours is, I see, but one case of thousands. Your plaint is the universal one. But because it is universal it does not follow that, as in the case of sickness and death and other universal things, there is no remedy. There is one, and I will show it to you, Oh, Foolish One. For years, it seems, you have been asking favors of Life, and Life has been good naturedly granting them you. You have become so accustomed to an answer to your appeal that you pass over completely the *debt you owe to Life*. Are you surprised? Of course. But, frankly now, is it not a debt you owe Life and must it not, like other honorable debts, be honorably discharged? Life is a glorious thing, it is true, and she gives of her fullness to every soul that asks of her, yet she demands in return something of ourselves—our best selves. Have you nothing to offer, Foolish One? Is there nothing that you can give to Life?"

Then the Foolish One cried a bit, petulantly as a child would cry. Presently, though, she dried her eyes. "I believe there is a lot I can give to Life," she said tremulously. "Anyhow, I can try, O Wise One!"



## Our Ideal Home Section

Where the Well-Informed Residents of St. Louis Are Now Locating

ST. LOUIS is experiencing a building boom, the like of which has never before occurred in the history of this metropolis. Wiser than they are aware, are the men who are working for a million population. All over the city the work of preparing for the thousands soon to come and cast their lot with us no less than for the natural increase, is going on. The building operations are not confined to any one section of the city: they pervade all parts, include all forms from the building of mercantile department palaces to the erection of private residences, from the transformation of the latter into retail stores to the laying out of entire subdivisions for residential purposes. But a city is known by its homes and St. Louis is pre-eminently a city of homes. Well it may be so called, for not another municipality in this country or elsewhere can boast of such beauty and healthfulness of location which at the same time permits of indefinite expansion. The terraced plateau that stretches from the river front out into St. Louis County and beyond and from the River des Peres to the Chain of Rocks, stands unmatched as a natural *terrain* for the habitations of man, the broad river on the east, the blue hills to the west and along the widest diameter a succession of slopes and rises ideal for healthfulness and sanitation. St. Louis is therefore bound to grow and the wisdom of the many important men allied to the purpose of making this a "million" city is to be found in their ardent and sensible anticipation of that big fact. This movement coming right after the conclusion of the World's Fair has added significance in that as now furthered it is the one thing needed to forefend against that depression which so many said might follow the World's Fair period of exaltation.

But our expanding population, our increment from without, must be housed, well-housed, modernly, comfortably, elegantly, if the good the Fair has done and the results of our recent, present and future progress are to be assured. Under the impetus of this change our center of habitation is shifting and there is no more interesting study for those who have lived in St. Louis a quarter of a century or more than to trace this shift and to study its causes and effects. A history of this residential movement would not be out of place here, but it is by other data that the adjustment of the question: Where is the ideal residence section of St. Louis? must be approached. The choice is difficult but not impossible; difficult only because artificial circumstances alone considered, all parts of a well-situated city can nowadays be made equally good for residence purposes; simple, because when natural conditions are regarded, the choice must fall on that wonderful tract of land lying, generally speaking, south of Mill Creek Valley and along the line and west of Grand avenue. Here Nature has done its best and man has accepted her bounty. In the center of this pleasant domain lies Tower Grove Park, near it Shaw's Garden, not far to the north Compton Hill Reservoir Park, the terraced city to the east, wondrous valleys to the west, an elevation and a tract indeed to give us all assurance of content. At the center of this most beautiful section, is the subdivision known as Tower Grove Heights. Here all the preliminary work needed to speedily convert the entire subdivision into building lots and home grounds has already been done. The lots are located on the hill around Tower Grove Park, some east, some west of Grand avenue. The drainage, it need hardly be said, is perfect, the general contour of the surrounding country all that could be wished, the proximity of the subdivision to

the park and the value thereof is self-evident. All the lots are high, dry and wholesomely located.

Owing to the size of the tract, the work of preparation has been enormous. It has been going on quietly for years and is now practically completed. The object of the projectors was to afford thousands of our well-to-do citizens and other thousands who will gravitate to St. Louis, an ideal residence section. The tract, for obvious reasons had to be large, its contour varied, its location the very best, its accessibility unquestioned, its healthfulness attested and the imposition of such restrictions as would conserve all these benefits and advantages enforceable. But the principal asset of this noteworthy undertaking is the location of Tower Grove Heights. Thousands of the best citizens among the older element discovered the fact years ago that the surroundings of Tower Grove Park with its century-old trees is a spot of which comfort-seeking man might truly say: "Here the world is beautiful, here let us rest and house." Nature and man combined in making these heights an ideal spot for residence. "The south winds that bring life, sunshine and desire and on each mount and valley breathe aromatic fire," here have their unobstructed play. The question of southern exposure which affords the very life in the nostrils to us of St. Louis is here solved for all time. All the year round the south wind searches Tower Grove Heights; all the year round—in spring and summer with its spicy breath, in autumn and in winter with its life-inspiring warmth; whenever it blows it carries health and fragrance, uncontaminated inspiration and a precious silence. In its northward sweep, crossing Mill Creek Valley it carries the noise of traffic to other parts of town; but as it comes to Tower Grove Heights it is fresh from the swales of the Mississippi Valley and the great expanse beyond. To one not acquainted with the topography of the city and more especially the Tower Grove Park and Heights region, it may seem that the mere recurrence of this southern breeze is inconsequential. St. Louisans of long residence or to the manor born know better. In many parts of the big city to the north of Mill Creek Valley, the south wind means noise and noisome odors. It carries neither health, refreshment nor rest day or night, but comes as an aerial movement laden with the ceaseless turmoil of traffic, the emanations of concentrated industry and the infinitesimal *debris* of long journeyings. But in Tower Grove Park, Shaw's Garden, Reservoir Park and the region thereabouts now known as Tower Grove Heights, the land lies high, the air is pure, the nights are cool in summer, warm in winter and there is that repose at all hours without which a residential section of the better class is impossible.

In the last few years the city government has done its share toward making this fine region a still better place for residence. The company owning Tower Grove Heights have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars beautifying the grounds. Streets have been improved and paid for, including walks, gutters, sewers, gas, electric light and shade trees. All the lots needing it have been terraced, and on them nothing remains to be done but to build residences or flats. Some of the streets have been restricted to residences at the request of a large number of buyers present and prospective; on other choice streets this restriction was never imposed nor will it be, and here flats may be erected. There are a few choice business corners and beautiful sites of large dimensions for any purpose consonant with the wishes of the neighborhood.

A most important factor, especially for families with children, is the nearness of the tract to some of the best schools in the city. In many cases the little ones need be sent but a short distance, in others the street car facilities are such as to make the schools readily accessible.

A strong factor is that more than five years have elapsed since it was first decided to put Tower Grove Heights before the home-buying public. This half-decade has been employed in improving the property and putting it in the best possible shape. The work has been done by experts and under careful supervision. In fact, the projectors of the Tower Grove Heights enterprise took careful cognizance of the fact that in a rich and growing city like St. Louis, the number of those who wish to buy where they can live all their days and leave homes for those that come after them is constantly on the increase. And not alone that; the demands of present and prospective home-owners are more exacting, competition among them for location, propriety, comfort, etc., is keener, the capital needed for supplying such demands must be larger and the entire scheme of things must be operated along new and constantly changing lines. In this sense, therefore, the Tower Grove Heights proposition is being put before the local better element; no home grounds without improvement are offered; all the preliminary work has been done; there is nothing to do on the purchaser's part except to select his lot, have his individual plans drawn and his home built according to his own fancy. Not anywhere else perhaps in this city has the inducement to settle vexed questions of home-building beforehand found such systematic pre-arrangement. At that it must be distinctly understood that this is not a high-priced nor an ultra-exclusive proposition. The property is reasonably-priced and fully improved. Within a few hundred feet of it is what many experts declare the finest residential property in all St. Louis, that on Hawthorne and Longfellow boulevards, where are the palatial residences of hundreds of the richest men in this part of the country. Their owners have done well in not affecting an exclusive pose; and a stroll along these beautiful thoroughfares will further convince the new home-seeker and home-builder of the desirableness of nearby Tower Grove Heights.

Prices, as yet, are said to be very low—about one-third of the figure at which similar property is held in sections of town that have not a measure of the special advantages possessed by this choice home spot.

Since attention was first called less than a year ago to Tower Grove Heights one hundred and fifty houses have been built in this subdivision, all of them according to modern plans and of modern material. There is endorsement by the Building Commissioner to the effect that nearly half the present home-building operations in St. Louis are in this locality. Values are bound to advance by the operation of the high-class settlement of the tract and the important fact that purchase prices are reasonable and the terms acceptable. The distance to the business section is a good deal shorter than generally supposed. A great many good people labor under the delusion that unless one lives on an east and west line, like Olive street, Washington avenue, etc., the task of getting downtown is one of daily tribulation. But from any part of Tower Grove Heights "downtown" may be reached comfortably in twenty-five minutes and it is a matter of record that neither the West End nor Cabanne sections can show an improvement on this. Much of the car travel is along Grand avenue and this now central thoroughfare has the best of east and west connections. Grand avenue, as has been said, runs through the property. It may safely be said that "New St. Louis" as the words apply to residence sites for the great "middle classes" will be in the delightful district around Tower Grove Heights, and those with a proper appreciation of the advantages of that district are establishing homes in that vicinity.

## FOLK AND HIS FRIENDS

By a Disgusted Reformer

'Tis a harrowing tale, the story of Folk and his friends. He is the champion thrower down of politics, from all accounts. The MIRROR has told what he did to the Scotch High-ball McLeod, to Ike Lionberger, to James A. Waterworth, to Joseph A. Graham, of the *Republic*, and some others in the matter of appointments. The list of those whom he has confided lengthens out lamentably. Everybody who whooped and howled for him seems to have a grievance.

James Avery Webb of the firm of Webb, French & Co., is a late victim. Mr. Webb was an enthusiastic Folk man, who during Joe's candidacy for Governor, spent considerable time working for the cause and raised two or three thousand dollars and turned it over to his friend, Ed Lewis, to pay Folk's debts, etc. Webb did not intend asking for anything, but his friends insisted upon his asking for a place as one of the Election Commissioners, so Webb took courage and really expected to be appointed until one fine morning he awoke to read in the newspapers that Tom Skinker, a deaf man who holds to a dollar until the eagle squeals, and who had never worked for Folk, but runs with a certain clique which Folk desired to control, had been appointed. Folk, learning shortly afterwards, that Webb was somewhat aggrieved, wrote him that a bill had been introduced, and would probably pass, to revise the Statutes of Missouri and that he had not appointed him Election Commissioner, because he wanted him to be one of the lawyers to revise the Statutes. The bill was called in the committee but never passed further than the first reading. There was never any chance for it to pass. Some two or three weeks since, Folk wrote to his friend, J. Avery Webb, asking him to do some work for him and reminding him that he had offered him a place in his cabinet which he had refused to accept. This made Webb hot under the collar and he wrote Folk that he had better get some one else to do his bidding; that it was true he had offered him a place but that it was a place which never existed. In other words, it would have been the same thing if Roosevelt had offered him a place as Minister to Europe, when there was no such office in existence.

Ed Lewis, who organized the wholesale district on Washington avenue, to work the country merchants for Folk, appears to have had the gaff broken off in him a number of times. He was disappointed when Folk signed the maximum freight rate bill against the Washington avenue protest, but there are other wounds in the heart of Lewis, late treasurer of the Folk fund, which will not heal. When Folk was considering the appointment of police commissioners he sent Lewis to Mr. E. C. Simmons, to ask him to accept one of the police commissioner-ships. Simmons jumped clear up out of his seat and shouted, "Why, no, Lewis; what does Folk mean by sending you to ask me such a question when you are the logical man for the position?"

You did all the work and raised all the money. Why didn't he offer you the place? Tell him 'No,' I can't accept it when there are so many men who have done so much more for him than I have." So Lewis went back and reported to Folk, but, in the meantime, Simmons sat down and wrote Folk a letter, thanking him for the proffer of the position, but telling him by all means to appoint Ed Lewis, as he was the man who had done the work. So Folk got to thinking about the matter and offered it to Lewis, who declined to take a second-hand job. Then Folk selected Jno. W. Fristoe, of the T. J. Moss Tie Co. Fristoe had formerly been old Moss's clerk, but old Moss died and left a good looking widow with lots of coin and the greatest amount of sense Fristoe ever displayed was when he spruced up and married the Widow Moss. The Moss Tie Co. is well and favorably known through all the timber and railroad circles of Missouri. They have hundreds of men cutting ties and, besides, Ben Givens, Mrs. Fristoe's brother, is a partner in the concern and wields quite a big influence through certain parts of

Missouri. E. F. Swinney, of Kansas City, married Ben Given's sister. Swinney is rich, is president of one of the large banks in Kansas City and quite influential in politics along the banks of the Kaw, but for some reason always carried icicles for Folk.

Some of the "Silk Stocking" rooters for Folk suggested to him that the office of State Factory Inspector had been one more of graft than advantage to the manufacturers, having been filled usually by a man of poor education, and thought it would be advisable to put an educated man in the office, suggesting the name of David Spence Hill, son of the eminent divine, Rev. Felix Hill, formerly pastor of Cook Avenue Methodist Church, and a professor of Latin in Smith Academy. Acting upon the advice of his silk stocking friends, Hill, soon after election, approached the Governor and asked for the position. The Governor intimated to him that it would be all O. K. and that all he had to do was to get up a petition, which he proceeded to do, calling on all the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and other divines of the city, who readily signed the

petition. He also got a few of his friends like Tom McPheeters, Ike Lionberger, Dorsey Jamison, Bob Brookings, Lawrence Branch, John Roberts, Ed Lewis, Murray Carleton and two or three yards more of such names and filed the petition at Jefferson City. The Governor informed him that it was the finest array of talent he had ever seen on a petition and asked him to come up, which he did. He was patted on the shoulder, carried into the Governor's private office and told to take courage, look wise and all would be well. So poor Hill dismissed Latin and bad boys from his mind, was looking around for an office and arranging to select deputies when, lo, he awoke one fine Friday morning, a few weeks since, to read in the papers that "Jack" Bellairs, police reporter for the *Chronicle*, had been appointed State Factory Inspector. It came like a thunder bolt to him. He rushed around to the Mercantile Club to hunt up Roberts and Lewis, who informed him that they could not understand it, as they had made a trip to Jefferson City to see Folk about Hill's appointment and from the conversation they had with

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him, supposed all was well. Roberts said he talked with Folk about Hill's appointment and he understood from his conversation that Hill was the man and they could not understand such a change of front.

Poor old ex-Postmaster Jim Carlisle expected a big piece of pumpkin pie but did not even get a smell of the crust. Jim's friend, Tom Finnerty, the cigar man at Sixth and Chestnut, said that Jim had worn out two pairs of shaes and busted a lung running around and shouting for Folk.

Poor old ex-Chief of Police, Jno. Campbell, supposed to be soliciting life insurance for the Aetna Co., but in reality working for Folk, expected to be rewarded with a nice little prize, but, in the wind-up, got lost in the shuffle.

Ex-Gov. Lon Stephens spent about three months' time and about one thousand dollars circulating among his friends out in the hills in the interest of Folk, and good Mrs. Stephens, who got the cold shoulder during the Dockery administration, was busy telling her lady friends throughout the city that "after Folk was in the Mansion House she expected to spend about half of her time at good old Jeff City." But many weeks passed and Folk had not even acknowledged his appreciation of the work and influence Stephens had exerted in his behalf. Finally one of Folk's friends went to him and told him that icicles were beginning to grow on Stephens and he had better "play ball," so then Folk wrote Stephens a letter but it was too late and matters have never been set right.

Then there is Folk's fine and fiery friend, Tom L. Cannon! It is understood that he was promised a fine job but only got the goose.

And ex-Lieutenant-Governor John B. O'Meara, who spent energy and slathers of money for Folk, has not even been asked his opinion about St. Louis appointments.

And President Stewart, of the Police Board, is in almost open revolt against Folk for the latters presuming to dictate to him a police policy and to anticipate police action with gubernatorial interventions.

## SUMMER CRUISES

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## THE PHILIPPINE JAUNT

Probably no other young woman ever took such a trip as that which has been planned for Miss Alice Roosevelt. Certainly no other American young woman ever had such honors showered upon her as will be accorded the President's daughter when she visits the Philippine Islands and touches, both going and returning, at ports in China and Japan. It will be a "grand tour," such as princes of the blood royal take through the continent of Europe and to the outlying possessions of their respective crowns. Primarily, Miss Roosevelt is going on the long journey to please her father, who intends himself making the trip when his tenure of office is at an end. It is not to be supposed, however, that the opportunity for such a journey under such flattering circumstances is unwelcome to her. She is intensely patriotic, and more than once has been heard to declare that she never will travel in Europe until she has visited every land where floats the Stars and Stripes. Already she has traveled extensively for a young woman of her years. She has visited Cuba and Porto Rico, and has journeyed to nearly every part of the United States proper, from the rocky, barren heights of Mt. Desert to the sunny resorts on the Gulf Coast and Southern California. Knowing the President's deep interest in all things pertaining to their welfare, the islanders are preparing to give his daughter and the distinguished official party which will accompany the Secretary of War a series of fiestas and receptions such as have not been seen since the Spanish flag was hauled down at Manila and Castilian rule in the islands ended.

The party, to consist of nearly fifty people, will sail from San Francisco on the Pacific Mail liner *Manchuria* on July 1st. Miss Roosevelt will leave Washington about the middle of June, and will spend ten days on the Pacific Coast, viewing the sights and accepting the hospitality of friends. She will be the guest of Mrs. Metcalf, wife of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, for several days before the sailing of the *Manchuria*. As Mrs. Taft, for a multitude of reasons, can not take this long journey, Miss Roosevelt's special companion will be Miss Mabel T. Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Boardman, of Washington. Miss Amy McMillin, daughter of the late Senator from Michigan, also will be one of her companions. Mrs. Dubois, wife of the Idaho Senator, is the official chaperon of the President's daughter, and, with Miss Boardman and Miss McMillin, will participate in all the entertainments planned in her honor. Several other women well known in the official and social world will add *eclat* to the party. Among these is Miss Mabel Stone, daughter of the Missouri Senator; Mrs. Sereno Payne, of New York; Mrs. de Armond, of Missouri, and Mrs. Clark, her daughter; Mrs. Austin Wadsworth, of Boston, wife of Major Wadsworth, of the army; Mrs. Hepburn, of Iowa; Mrs. Hill, of Connecticut; Mrs. Smith, of Illinois, and Mrs. Jones, of Virginia,



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In the third century, Hellogabalus, proud Rome's ruler, tried to construct a practical pneumatic machine to clean the rugs and carpets in the palace, and only succeeded in giving vent to his practical joke propensities by suddenly exhausting the air with which he had caused the cushions of the court couches to be inflated, thus letting his reclining guests down with a disconcerting jolt.

It was left to a St. Louis man to invent the DUST-LESS METHOD (Thurman System). Everything cleaned at your own home without removal.

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nearly all of whom are the wives of representatives in Congress. The ladies, like Miss Roosevelt, are going for the experience and benefit of foreign travel. They must pay all their own expenses. Miss Roosevelt's trip is one of the many gifts of her father to celebrate her twenty-first birthday. He gave her choice between visiting the family of White-law Reid in London and going to the Philippines. He was more than gratified when she elected to visit the Eastern Islands. Secretary of War Taft, ex-Secretary Root, and the officials accompanying them, go at the invitation and expense of the Philippine Government. The two parties will be kept entirely distinct, so far as the honors intended solely for Miss Roosevelt are concerned.

Miss Roosevelt and the ladies in her train are bound only for pleasure. For good and sufficient reasons, the President has been compelled to refuse a pressing invitation from the Mikado that Miss Alice and her friends leave Secretary Taft and his party to become guests at the Summer Palace, near Tokio. Likewise the flowery-worded invitation from the Dowager Empress, conveyed to the White House not long ago by the Chinese minister, had to be declined. The *Manchuria* will make its usual stop at Honolulu. Miss Roosevelt will be entertained at the Hotel Inglaterra. Native dancing and the celebrated Honolulu stringed mandolins will give a unique entertainment. The first glimpse of the land of the Mikado will be at Yokohama, which is within a few hours of Tokio.



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Where the Post Office is opposite, and in which are Phones Main 2647 and B 300.

The preparations there will be on the most ambitious plan. An envoy from the Mikado and the official who corresponds with Secretary Taft in rank will meet the vessel at the dock. Miss Roosevelt and the ladies will be taken from the steamer in a flower-bedecked transport and conveyed to a point nearest the viceroy's palace. Here a delegation of the most highly decorated and gallant-looking subjects of the Mikado will greet Miss Roosevelt, and a concert, a luncheon, and a drive around the city in strange, flower-bedecked *rickshaws* is planned. The steamer will remain but four or five hours at Yokohama, too short a time to permit the hospitable Japanese to honor the American President's daughter and the distinguished officials accompanying Secretary Taft as they would like to honor them. From Yokohama the ship sails for Kobe, where a programme of the same order is to be repeated, except, of course, the Governor of the port will be the principal personage in the pageant of honor. At Nagasaki the general in command of the army division will order a drill for Judge Taft and to amuse the ladies.

Two points of Chinese territory will be touched—Shanghai and Hong Kong. At the first-named the viceroy has orders to present the freedom of the city to the illustrious travelers, and entertain them as gorgeously as the limited time will permit. At Hong Kong, which is an English possession, Miss Roosevelt and the ladies will be the guests of Sir Matthew Nathan, who governs in King Edward's name, and as much feasting and sightseeing as can be crowded in less than six hours will be the programme. The ladies will be the guests of the Governor while they remain off the vessel, and on their return trip they will entertain him and his official household.

It is now thought that the party should reach Manila about August 1st. The trip out will require a full month, and the same time will be given the return voyage. One month is to be passed in the Philippines, and of this, ten days will be spent in Manila. Governor Wright will not neglect an opportunity to make the old city the scene of brilliant fetes and flower carnivals and lake illuminations, not seen since the Spaniards set sail for Madrid. The natives are already laying in supplies of colored candles and getting ready for a regular ten days' celebration, such as formerly were held when a new Governor or an envoy from the king or Pope visited the islands. August is a delightful month to spend at Manila. The cool, rainy season is at hand, and the glorious vegetation is at its most perfect stage. Miss Roosevelt will have something to remember, so the letters from Philippine officials to the Insular Bureau proudly state.

But the most interesting part of the journey, the trip into the interior, will doubtless furnish episodes even more worthy of remembrance. Miss Roosevelt will meet her old friends, the Moros, and they will dive for her and get her choice corals, and they will show how they use their curious weapons and will give her a collection of each kind to take to her

## Carmen Powder



*The Powder for Brunettes.  
The Powder that Sticks!*

Carmen Powder is the most perfect beautifier that money, science and skill can produce.

Carmen Powder makes and keeps the skin soft and beautiful.

Carmen Face Powder is made of the purest and most expensive ingredients and is wonderfully prepared by an elaborate process, so as to peculiarly suit the brunette complexion; the skin of brunettes being different from that of blondes in important particulars.

Carmen Powder, no matter how carelessly applied, does not "show powder," as all other powders do when applied to brunette complexions. Carmen Powder blends and produces a soft and velvety effect of indescribable beauty.

Carmen Powder adheres to the skin better than other powders because it is so soft (Harsher powders blow off and require to be continually reapplied). No "touching up" is ever necessary. This product is far superior to anything made, and if you will use it regularly you will find that the beauty of your complexion will be commented upon.

Unlike many powders, Carmen is not only a great aid to beauty, but it is of wonderful benefit to the skin, imparting that clear, healthy look which indicates so surely a knowledge of the higher refinement of life.

Made in four tints—cream, flesh, pink and white.

Carmen Powder is for sale by most druggists, though some druggists, not having it, may offer you a substitute. Do not accept it! There is no substitute for the genuine Carmen Powder—no other powder will do what Carmen will.

THE PRICE IS **50c** The Box.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

## KISSACK HAT COMPANY

The Fashionable Hatters

113 NORTH BROADWAY

Brothers, all according to the promise made in St. Louis by the Moros there. The Secretary of War was for discouraging Miss Roosevelt in her desire to see the Moros of Mindanao on their native heath, or rather in their *nipa* huts. The garments, or rather the lack of them, is somewhat embarrassing for mixed companies, but Miss Alice is sure that they will behave up to the standard. The Igorrotes she will also visit, and perhaps she may go down in the extreme south, where the dwarf nations are. The return trip will begin September 1st on the mail liner Korea.

Growell (in cheap restaurant)—

"Here, waiter! Are these mutton or pork chops?" Waiter—"Can't you tell by the taste?" Growell—"No." Waiter—"Then what difference does it make what they are?"—*Illustrated Bits.*

\*\*\*

"Leonidas," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "look me in the eye and answer me one question. Have you ever deceived me about anything?"

"Well, Henrietta," he answered, after much hesitation, "I must confess that I have not been altogether frank. On numerous occasions I have dissembled to the extent of trying to appear far more amiable than I really felt."



## VACATION PLAYGROUND MEET

The American Athletic Association will give their annual meet for the benefit of the vacation playgrounds on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at their grounds in Forest Park. Interest in the charity grows year by year. The Vacation playgrounds committee have felt that there is a growing sentiment in favor of playgrounds—in fact, that the public demand them. When this cry is loud enough—we shall have them—not a few—maintained by the self-sacrificing women who, for the past four years have managed the playgrounds—but a legitimate part of our public school system. The children have a right to the school yards during the summer—and the street will gladly yield its teeming juvenile population. When the School Board assumes this obligation it will simply be falling in line with work done in other cities.

The officers of the Vacation Playgrounds' Association are: Mrs. E. A. De Wolf, president; Miss Mary C. McCullough, first vice-president; Mrs. George H. Morgan, second vice-president; Mrs. Allan Whittemore, of Webster, treasurer; Mrs. H. A. Morris, recording secretary; Miss Mary B. Luny, corresponding secretary. The Executive Committee includes the following ladies: Mrs. Hattie Levy, Mrs. Adolf Drey, Mrs. Mary Wolfner, Miss Mary

Belle Hill, Mrs. J. E. Kenney, Mrs. Robt. Noonan, Mrs. C. R. Siddy, Mrs. A. G. Fish.

The social features of the big meet on Saturday will include several drag parties—besides crowds of school girls ready to cheer the representatives from their schools. The patronesses for the occasion are: Mesdames E. A. De Wolf, August Frank, David Eiseman, Edward Semple, George Wright, Elias Michael, Frank Crunden, H. Levy, Dwight Tredway, Chas. Stix, J. Samuel Scott, Henry L. Wolfner, O'Neil.

\*\*\*

## BUTTONED AT THE BACK

They were all to have a Sunday night supper at a friend's house, and even the boarding mistress was invited; so the girl got an extra Sunday night out and the household split up into parties for the afternoon.

By twos and threes they arrived at the host's home until there were left only the boarding mistress and the husband of the woman who had engineered the party. There was a quarter-hour wait, and at last the husband strolled in.

"Miss Blank says she can't come," he announced as he sniffed the odor of the old-fashioned shortcake. "I guess she must have another of her sick headaches, for she seems to have gone to bed; just poked her head out of the doorway and said she was sorry."

Late that evening the other woman took home a generous slice of shortcake and found the absent one sitting, disconsolate, in the parlor.

"I thought you were ill?" she cried. "Will said you had gone to bed."

"My dear," sobbed the boarding mistress, "all my dresses button up the back, and when I started to get ready the only person in the place was your husband. I couldn't very well ask him, could I?"

And the only comfort she received was: "Why not? I've trained him to do it beautifully."

\*\*\*

## A LIBERAL OFFER

The Laclede Gas Light Company has just purchased 10,000 Welsbach Daylight Gas Lamps for residence purposes.

They are selling them at \$2.00 each, complete and hung up in any room desired;—one only, to each customer. The price named is below cost. The Welsbach Company is selling the same lamp for \$4.00.

If a range is ordered at the same time, the lamp can be secured complete for \$1.00. The mantle is guaranteed for ninety days.

An official test of the Daylight Arc Lamp gives 102 candle power against 25 candle power of the flat flame burner. The amount of gas consumed per hour is 6.4 cubic feet. Every kitchen and library in the city should be made brilliant with the magnificent, economical Daylight Lamp.

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

The Great June Sale  
Is Now In Progress.

## Undermuslins and White Waists

An event of unusual importance, owing to the high standard of merchandise and the exceptional price advantages.

*Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney*

Taking the year through you spend but little on Paint, and can afford to buy it of best quality when you want it. Cheap paint is only a vexation. You will be sure to obtain good Paint, Varnishes, etc., from the Mound City Paint and Color Co., Nos. 811 and 813 North Sixth Street.

**Garland's**

It is possible

That the summer may be cool and comfortable, but our guess is

Hot—Very Hot.

And we have anticipated an abnormal demand for linen suits (white of course). Our showing embraces everything stylish and correct, while the fit of a "Garland Garment" is absolute perfection. 45-inch coat, buttoned all down, velvet collar and cuffs, tucked and multipleated skirt.

Popular Prices, \$17.50 to \$25

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Order while  
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Gas-Coke and Soft Coal.

A trial order will merit your continued patronage.—Let us call on you.

**Barth-Rose Coal Company,**

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Main 766—A-1029.

If some of the other fellows could build clothes like the ad writer writes their ads there would be a lot of well dressed men in St. Louis.

## O'Reilly AND Erdmann

"Builders of good  
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## Human Interest

There is a happy, suggestive story to be told of your commodity. No matter whether merchandise, summer resorts or want ads, a newsy and interesting story can be told. It is in the telling of the story that your space becomes valuable. The printer can embellish, the artist can illustrate and the medium be made attractive, but, after all, it is only a medium. The story is the compelling feature.

It is to tell your story completely, happily and briefly that we offer our services. We tell it that it will appeal to the reader rather than to you.

We prepare copy for newspapers, magazines, catalogues, booklets and make a specialty of follow-up letters.

## Grigg & McCall

CREATIVE ADVERTISING

Main 4322.

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SAINT LOUIS.

### MUSIC

*At Delmar Garden.*

A series of "Girl" shows was inaugurated at Delmar Garden on Sunday night, the highly colored Paris variety being selected for the opening week. The piece is as good as any of its ilk, and rough and raw as the first performance was, in spots, a huge audience grew wildly hilarious over it, and fairly screamed its appreciation of the salacious lines and equivocal situations.

The company secured for this summer work is excellent, but has hardly found itself yet.

The opportunities offered by "The Girl from Paris" are limited, especially in the way of "straight" singing, and it is along these lines that Miss Eleanor Kent, prima donna and "feature" of the Delmar organization—excels. Miss Kent possesses a clear, sweet, flexible soprano voice, and her singing postulates cultivation and ability for work of a much higher order than that in which she is at present engaged. Miss Kent being temperamentally and physically unsuited to the title part in this week's show, the part of *Norah Honeycomb* was assigned her, and to give it prominence an interpolated song was added to the musical numbers of the role.

Mr. Richard Ridgely is another member of the Delmar company altogether out of his element in the current bill. Mr. Ridgely is a baritone of exceptional gifts and attainments. He has a rich, sympathetic voice, which he uses most artistically, but as *Dingle* the score permits him not so much as a single tone.

Miss Nellie Nichols as *Julie Bon Bon* embodies perfectly the stage Parisienne according to musical comedy canons. The Delmar soubrette is chic of manner, agile of limb, and her singing is best when accompanied by the swish of skirts. Miss Pearl Revare is of the impish Katie Barry type, and her slavey this week is immensely amusing.

Bessie Fairbairn, well known to St. Louis summer and winter audiences, is good in anything, from *Bocaccio* to *Katisha*, and makes the most of *Mrs. Honeycomb*, quite "snowing under" a clever comedian in the "Cock-a-doodle" quartet.

Of comedians the Delmar boasts three good specimens. Mr. Harry Short has a pleasant personality, and his methods show more refinement than is usually found in the work of the boisterous summer funny man. Mr. Fred Runnells is a German dialect comedian "after" Mann and Don. Mr. Wm. Clifton is limber and long-winded. Atherton Furlong, the impressive *Pontiac* of last summer's "Louisiana," is effective in the juvenile role, and sings and sneaks in a manner that will make the habits of the back rows feel very friendly towards him.

"Others," in the cast, and the large chorus, make a very good showing. In Mr. Charles H. Jones the Delmar management has secured a valuable stage

### ARTISTIC

## Diamond Jewelry and Silverware

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310 North Sixth.



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IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining  
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Rooms for Private Dinner  
Parties.

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WHAT?  
UMBRELLAS,  
PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM  
FACTORY  
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*Namendorfs*  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

SPECIAL AFTER  
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MUSIC FROM NOON  
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## FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS ANNUAL BENEFIT

## ST. LOUIS POLICE RELIEF ASS'N

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 4th, 1905

Entertainment Furnished by the

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Reserved Seats Extra,  
25 Cents Each Person.

Tickets \$1.00—Admit Two



## FOREST HIGHLANDS PARK THE BIG PLACE ON THE HILL HOPKINS' PAVILLION.

### Stunning Decoration Week Programme.

JACK MASON'S

5—SOCIETY BELLES—5

BEDOUIIN ARABS

8—WHIRLWIND ACROBATS—8

YOUNG AMERICA QUINTETTE

Led by

MISS MATTIE BORUM.

CRAWFORD & MANNING,  
Grotesque Eccentrics.

PHYLLIS ALLEN,  
Phenomenal Contralto.

APOLLO,  
King of the Bounding Wire.

## Delmar Garden

### "The Girl From Paris"

65—IN COMPANY—65

MATINEE SATURDAY.

Monday, June 5—"THE ROUNDERS."

Seats on Sale at Bollman Bros., 1120 Olive st.

## Imperial

Tenth and Pine  
25c Daily Matinees  
Nights,  
Best Seats, 50c

ONLY THEATER OPEN

THIS WEEK

Tolstoi's Great Play of Russia

### RESURRECTION

Next Sunday Mat.—The Butterflies or Moths.

## Suburban Garden

Matinee 10 Cents, Any Seat

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— IN —

### "Sweet Sixteen"

25 People in Cast

Free Band Concerts—See the Electric Fountain

NEXT SUNDAY,

### "FUNNY MR. HOOLIGAN"

A Lady's Watch given away at every week-day matinee, commencing May 22d. Down-town ticket office at Bollman's.

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Wm. Schaefer,

Proprietor.

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Finest Bar and Billiard

Hall in the West

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS  
IN EVERY RESPECT.

director, while Mr. Richard Kieserling directed the orchestra with much vim.

### Summer Theatricals.

Forest Park Highlands will put on gala attire this week in honor of Decoration Day, and a series of public school picnics, which began Tuesday, and will continue throughout the week. The programme this week is of the same high class that Col. Hopkins has introduced there this season. It is headed by the Society Belles and the Bedouin Arabs, who do some stunning acts. The Young America quintette, Phyllis Allen, Crawford and Manning and Apollo, the wire king. Next week will be the annual Police Relief Association Benefit, with a tremendous vaudeville bill, and the finest biography in the country, to be seen for the first time at the Highlands. All the attractions and concessions are now running at the Highlands, the biggest of them all, the Japanese entrance, transplanted from the Pike to the Highlands, finished and looming up way above everything else.

The Suburban Garden, under its new management, is already making a success. The "Two Old Cronies" are drawing better each night, and the class of actors is far better than those of last year. The staging for next week will be "Funny Mr. Hooligan," assisted by a strong company of 25 people.

At the Imperial Theater the Rujaero Stock Company is presenting Count Tolstoi's "Resurrection" to large and well-pleased audiences. This big drama was first introduced to local theatergoers by Blanche Walsh, who played the part of *Katusha Maslova*. It is not saying aught against Miss Walsh, nor unduly prasing Miss Rujaero to say the *Maslova* of the latter is finished stage-art, a wondrous character-delination and a wholly satisfactory, stirring, and at times, intensely interesting portrayal of Tolstoi's unhappy heroine. More than that, the company at the Imperial is well-balanced and far above the current quality of such organizations. Mr. Alfred Britton as *Prince Dimitri*; Mr. Leon McReynolds as *Capt. Shenbok*; Miss Eloise French as *Fedosa*, and many of the minor characters rank high and do excellent work. Daily popular-priced matinees are given, all of them profitably attended. For what is now said to be the final week, beginning next Sunday afternoon, the attraction is "The Butterflies," sometimes also called "Moths," a version entirely new of a familiar title. In it the various members of the company are sure to be seen to advantage.

♦ ♦ ♦

Young Clerk (to his employer)—"Sir, there's a lady wishes to speak to you."

Employer—"Good-looking?"

Clerk—"Yes, sir."

Employer (on returning to the office)—"A nice judge of beauty you are, I must say."

Clerk—"You see, sir, I didn't know but what the lady might be your wife."

Employer—"So she is."

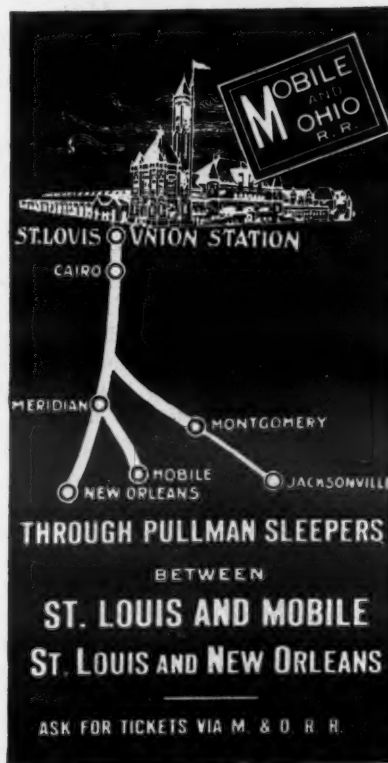
In the final results, praise for our clothes will count, only if our promises for them have proven all we claim—we would not continue to harp upon their superiority, unless we knew that no other were quite equal in fine tailoring, and also that they exemplify the correct fashions up to the present moment.



Two-piece suits of fine tropical worsteds and flannels, that in the end have proven all you have been influenced to expect in wear and style, are ready now. The patterns, colorings and weaves, very handsome and exclusive—\$15, \$18, \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35.

## Werner Bros.

The Republic Bldg.,  
On Olive Street at Seventh.



## OSCAR WILDE'S LAST DAYS

The recent publication of Oscar Wilde's book, "De Profundis," which he wrote while in prison, adds interest to a letter contributed to the *St. James's Gazette* (London), in which the writer (evidently an intimate friend of Wilde's) corrects some misstatements about the noted author's last days in Paris. The stories of his supposed privations, his frequent inability to obtain a square meal, his lonely and tragic death, and his cheap funeral, are all grotesquely false, says this writer. The correspondent adds:

"True, Oscar Wilde, who for several years before his conviction had been making at least five thousands pounds a year, found it very hard to live on his rather precarious income after he came out of prison; he was often very 'hard up,' and often did not know where to turn for a coin, but I will undertake to prove to anyone whom it may concern that from the day he left prison till the day of his death his income averaged at least four hundred pounds a year. He had, moreover, far too many devoted friends in Paris ever to be in need of a meal, provided he would take the trouble to walk a few hundred yards or take a cab to one of half a dozen houses. His death certainly was tragic—deaths are apt to be tragic—but he was surrounded by friends when he died, and his funeral was not cheap; I happen to have paid for it in conjunction with another friend of his, so I ought to know.

"He did not become a Roman Catholic before he died. He was, at the instance of a great friend of his, himself a devout Catholic, 'received into the church' a few hours before he died; but he had then been unconscious for many hours, and he died without ever having any idea of the liberty that had been taken with his unconscious body. Whether he would have approved or not of the step taken by his friend is a matter on which I should not like to express a too positive opinion, but it is certain that it would not do him any harm, and apart from all questions of religion and sentiment, it facilitated the arrangements which had to be made for his interment in a Catholic country, in view of the fact that no member of his family took any steps to claim his body or arrange for his funeral.

"Having disposed of certain false impressions in regard to various facts of his life and death in Paris, I may turn to what are less easily controlled and examined theories as to that life. Without wishing to be paradoxical, or harshly destructive of the carefully cherished sentiment of poetic justice so dear to the British mind (and the French mind, too, for that matter), I give it as my firm opinion that Oscar Wilde was, on the whole, fairly happy during the last years of his life. He had an extraordinarily buoyant and happy temperament, a splendid sense of humor, and an unrivaled faculty for the enjoyment of the present. Of course, he had his bad moments, moments of depression and sense of loss and defeat, but they were

not of long duration. It was part of his pose to luxuriate a little in the details of his tragic circumstances. He harrowed the feelings of many of those whom he came across; words of woe poured from his lips; he painted an image of himself, destitute, abandoned, starving even (I have heard him use the word after a very good dinner at Paillard's); as he proceeded he was caught by the pathos of his own words, his beautiful voice trembled with emotion, his eyes swam with tears; and then, suddenly, by a swift, indescribably brilliant, whimsical touch, a swallow-wing flash on the waters of eloquence, the tone changed and rippled with laughter, bringing with it his audience, relieved, delighted, and bubbling into uncontrollable merriment.

"He never lost his marvelous gift of talking; after he came out of prison he talked better than before. Everyone who really knew him before and after his imprisonment is agreed about that. His conversation was richer, more human, and generally on a higher intellectual level. In French he talked as well as in English; to my own English ear his French used to seem rather labored and his accent too marked, but I am assured by Frenchman who heard him talk that such was not the effect produced on them.

"He explained to me his inability to write by saying that when he sat down

to write he always inevitably began to think of his past life, and that this made him miserable and upset his spirits. As long as he talked and sat in cafes and 'watched life,' as his phrase was, he was happy, and he had the luck to be a good sleeper, so that only the silence and self-communing necessary to literary work brought him visions of his terrible sufferings in the past and made his old wounds bleed again. My own theory as to his literary sterility at this period is that he was essentially an interpreter of life, and that his existence in Paris was too narrow and too limited to stir him to creation. At his best he reflected life in a magic mirror, but the little corner of life he saw in Paris was not worth reflecting. If he could have been provided with a brilliant 'entourage' of sympathetic listeners as of old, and taken through a gay season in London, he would have begun to write again. Curiously enough, society was the breath of life to him, and what he felt more than anything else in his 'St. Helena' in Paris, as he often told me, was the absence of the smart and pretty women who in the old days sat at his feet!"

\*\*\*

## LOCAL SUMMER RESORT

The lowest temperature and rates in St. Louis at Monticello Hotel. Young men and families a specialty.

## June Weddings

WE HAVE  
**GIFTS**  
SUITABLE OF BOTH  
**Sterling Value**  
AND  
**Approved Design.**  
SEE OUR BEAUTIFUL  
**Twin Suits**

## Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.

ST. LOUIS.  
Whether Wanted For  
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Our Stock of  
**FURNITURE**  
Affords the Best Selection  
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**Dressing Chest**  
FOR MEN AND WOMEN. **\$35.00**  
BROADWAY AND LOCUST

## Swell Bungalow

THIS  
**NOVELTY**  
WE LEAD  
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## CARDINALS COMING STRONG

By the Fan

The start of the Cardinal baseball team was most discouraging, and for a while it looked as if the season of 1905 would be another disappointment. No men in the business have tried harder than Messrs. Frank de Hass Robison and his genial brother, Stanley, to give St. Louis a winning club, but every one of the last six years has been a distinct disappointment. One year there was a fire which destroyed the League Park stands, another year there was a disastrous street car strike, and then the failure of Johnnie McGraw to act right and play ball when with the Cardinals, was another bitter pill to have to swallow. In 1901, it began to look like the Robisons would at last have a star aggregation, and in July of that year their club was running neck and neck with the champion Pittsburghers for the flag. Then came another streak of bad luck in the jumping of their crack players to the rival American League. That was the "straw which almost broke the proverbial camel's back," and most men would have become disheartened at these repeated misfortunes, but not so with the Robisons, who are made of sterner stuff, and this but stiffened their resolve to conquer in spite of the slaps of fickle Fate.

It looked blue at the beginning of this 1905 season with the peerless Danny Shay out of the fold, and Johnnie Farrell too fat to play his accustomed good game at second. Then, again, the rainy weather encountered on the training trip did not allow of the team getting in good shape, and the pitchers were clearly not up to a bruising race. To make matters still worse, the first games of the championship season were with the strong Western teams, namely, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago, and that was a hard nut to crack. The consequences were that the Cardinals were dumped into last place, and in that ignominious position began their first Eastern invasion.

Prior to their departure there was quite a stir created by the removal of Charles A. Nichols from the management of the Cardinals, and hustling Jimmie Burke, of our own "Goose Hill," was put in charge as captain and manager. The Robisons figured that the team needed an aggressive leader, and thought that Nichols was of too gentle and retiring a type to cope with the Fred Clarkes and Johnnie McGraws of the present day. In looking around and seeking advice on this matter, the Messrs. Robison concluded that Burke possessed many of the qualities needed, and promptly installed him as the man most competent to lead the team from the swamps of defeat, and turn the tide victory-ward.

Recent events have fully justified the choice of the Robisons, and raised the hopes of the loyal St. Louis fans, for the Cardinals have won eight out of fourteen games since invading the East, and this is a better showing than any of the Western teams have made in the

month of May. Should they continue at this gait they will soon be safely ensconced in the first division, and a most hearty welcome awaits them on their return home on the third day of June.

After much persuasion the recalcitrant Danny Shay was brought into line, and the improvement of the Cardinals dates from his joining them. Shay is deservedly accounted one of the most brilliant infielders of the day, and as a base-runner he is unexcelled. His popularity is marvelous, and it is safe to say that his legion of admirers will turn out in full force to welcome him. There are others on the team who will share the honors with the fleet and brilliant Dan, and judging from the encomiums in the Eastern press this boy, Harry Arndt, is the "find" of the year. He has been batting at a great clip, and his fielding has been sensational in the extreme. He has added great strength to the team, and already has won a warm place in the affection of the local "rooters." And let us not forget the masterly work of "Dutch" Thielman, who has scored six straight victories, and at the time of this writing has yet to be defeated. That is "going some," to use a slang phrase, if anyone should ask you. Then little Dunleavy has been doing some timely hitting, and fielding in marvelous fashion, and the ancient Jake Beckley has been getting columns of praise for his remarkable work. Smoot and Shannon are hitting well, and there is no weakness in the outer garden, and none surely in the infield, with Burke performing in the creditable manner in which he has been doing all the time this season. When Brain gets back into the game it is hard to see where a better team can be put together, and if the pitchers will only get into a winning pace, there is no telling to what lofty heights the Cardinals may not ascend. The pitchers need warm weather to perform to the "dope" figures. We all know what old sterling performers like Jack Taylor, Charley Nichols and McFarland are capable of doing, but up to the present time these fine box artists do not seem to be able to get started on their winning careers. When they do, and it is to be hoped that the time is near at hand, there will be "some tall doin's" as Johnnie, the office boy, would express it.

Taking the drawbacks which have been encountered into consideration, and then realizing what improvement has been made in the past month, and figuring on the high class of the pitching staff and the indisputable merit of stars like Shay, Warner, Grady, Arndt, Brain, Burke, Smoot, Dunleavy, and possibly one or two more, there is no reason for the Messrs. Robison to be further depressed over the outlook. It would appear that this season bids fair after all, to be a fairly prosperous one for them. If ever men deserved the best that kind Fate can bestow, it is these high-class and game sportsmen, who have never squealed, and who have come up stronger after each blow. They have spent money like water to get the best in the market. This season they purchased



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Avoid imitations and their annoyances.

the release of the crack pitcher of last year's Omaha team, "Farmer" Brown, said to be the best pitcher of all the youngsters turned out last season. Brown will join the Cardinals on June 1st. The Robisons also purchased the release of Egan from George Tebeau, of Louisville, paying a big sum for him. From the same source they secured Harry Arndt, for a staggering figure, but it is proving a grand investment. Jack Warner was procured from New York after spirited bidding for him, in which half a dozen big clubs were engaged. In fact, they have expended a fortune this season to get talent, and their efforts deserve to be crowned with success.

Here's wishing the best of luck from now on to the gallant Cardinals and their splendid owners, the Messrs. Robison, and may Manager Jimmie Burke shed new baseball lustre on his native city of St. Louis.

\*\*\*

A future alderman who had gone through a kindergarten course in knot tying, button sewing, straw plaiting and other primary intellectual training had evolved into a class the members of which are supposed to be able to make

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sentences with given words. The teacher used the word "appeal" and told the youngsters to give her a sentence in which it would be found.

"The girl was a-pealin' the pertaters," was the future alderman's immediate response.



## THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street doings were extremely feverish, and impulsive in the past week. Transactions, while not particularly heavy, were of sufficient proportions to intimate that the market had not as yet gained its equilibrium after all the turbulence of the past month or so. The bear crowd kept a vigilant lookout for the weak spots as they successively cropped out, and lent a vigorous hand every time liquidation of impaired holdings made itself felt in the various weight-bearing quarters.

General speculative sentiment is inclined to moderate pessimism, as is usually the case after a protracted spell of urgent and forced liquidation. There is beneath all the froth of Wall street's gush of talk, a growing belief that the general financial and industrial position is not as fundamentally strong as the oracles of the "street," the curbstone philosophers and professional manipulators would fain make it appear. The late bank and brokerage failures, in New York and elsewhere, have aroused suspicion even in quarters where formerly serene confidence bore undisputed sway. The Merchants' Trust Company failure, small though it be, is causing no end of bewildered conjecture as to the actual financial position in connection with holdings of securities that are quoted at fancy prices, and at the same time difficult of marketing. If the State Bank Examiner could allow himself to be hoodwinked in such an unpardonably egregious manner in this case, why may he not have been imposed upon in a similar manner in the cases of other institutions of this sort? This is a question that inevitably obtrudes itself after these latest developments in banking circles, and the careful pondering of it should suffice to incite some very serious thoughts in circles where silly rumors and "tips" are generally followed with childlike docility and faith.

There can be no question but that it will require constant prudent nursing of the stock market to prevent a further sharp decline in values. What support there is, cannot be regarded

as permanent. It emanates chiefly from people whose own interests require prompt protective action of this kind. A precipitous break in prices would create an infinitude of evil and spread unreasonable alarm. The dominant powers are doubtless doing the right thing in putting the brakes on the momentum of liquidation, but their purchases should not be permitted to put the fatuous notion into inexperienced heads that another violent upward movement is sure to be inaugurated again within the very near future.

For the present, and for two months to come at least, the speculative exchanges will necessarily be under the potent influence of spring wheat, corn and cotton crop news. Any one, or all, of these staples is likely to be killed several times before maturity. Rain, drought, grasshoppers, rust and the boll weevil are puissant allies of the bear forces. Every item of unfavorable news will be wildly exaggerated. The market will be pulled upward and downward, according to the tenor of reports from the agricultural regions, and the vagaries of Chicago Board of Trade quotations. However, it may be assumed, with reasonableness, that, in the absence of the worst that could happen to the crops, the stock market will not be convulsed with riotous bear attacks, and this for the very obvious and simple reason that the late reaction has already served to discount a large portion of whatever misfortune might overtake the great agricultural staples.

The other day, Wall street entertained itself with a story hinting at the conclusion of a peace treaty between the rival railroad factions in the Northwest. According to the news agencies, everything had already been cut and dried. Hill and Harriman were said to recognize, with adequate seriousness, the delicate speculative situation which their long-standing differences had created, and the imperative reasons for a permanent satisfactory adjustment. So far, however, no authoritative confirmation of this idyllic tale could be obtained. The market has not been strengthened to any considerable extent. For the general good, it is to be hoped that the truce arrangement has some foundation in fact. The sharp advance and late heavy buying in Burlington joint 4 per cent bonds seems to suggest that something of real importance is under contemplation. Whether the peaceable arrangement will be of lasting duration or not, remains to be seen, however. If it really involves, or is based upon, the prevention of the St. Paul road from building to the Pacific Coast, the factions will soon be at each others throat again.

The lately published list of Northern Securities holders read for all the world like a page from "Burke's" peerage list. It contained the names of many notable members of the British nobility, and also those of wealthy French and German aristocrats. The list must be considered a remarkably interesting one. It bore out the truth of statements made in the last two years, that European holdings of Amer-

ican securities are once more decidedly on the increase. It may likewise be taken as trustworthy evidence to the effect that J. P. Morgan is still enjoying the loyal confidence of prominent investors abroad, in spite of the ignominious results of some of his flotations in the last five years. Taken in contrast to some of our speculative marauders, Morgan may be said to be entitled to both our respect and sympathy,

even if he did do some things that could not stand close scrutiny in the forum of conscience.

British markets are somewhat depressed. They had to absorb some large sales latterly. It is stated that the break in Wall street has hit some British operators very seriously. The London *Economist's* observation that the British nation's investment resources remain stationary is not apt to

H. WOOD,  
President.

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create much of a buying demand on the other side. The *Economist* cites the facts that British bankers' deposits increased by about \$750,000,000 between 1895 and 1901, and that there has been no gain at all since. These figures must be considered of great import when taken in connection with steadily rising national expenditures, and enormous addition to the list of investment issues in recent times.

Note must be made of the low level of the surplus of the Associated Banks in New York, which, at this writing, is, with but one single exception (1903), the lowest, for this date, since 1891. This is not calculated to make conservative banks disposed to encourage renewed speculation *a la hausse* for some time to come.

#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

Very dull and eventless was the past week's market in St. Louis. With the exception of Kansas City Home Telephone certificates, no special stock seemed to be much in demand at any time. The bank and trust company group was thoroughly neglected, and the bond market evidenced extreme apathy on the part of investors.

Missouri-Lincoln is selling at its old price—143. Transactions in it are of no importance. Mechanics' National is going, in a small way, at 292. It has been rumored, for some time, that this stock will soon be given a sharp lift, but no reasons are assigned for such a movement. The Merchants' Laclede National is reported to have bought the Laclede Building, in which it has its present quarters. For Bank of Commerce 325 is bid, 326½ asked, for Commonwealth 328 is bid, 328¾ asked. For Mercantile 390 is asked, with no bids.

A lot of 50 shares of Ely-Walker Dry Goods common sold at 175, and a lot of 50 shares Simmons Hardware 2d preferred at 124. Kansas City Home Telephone common stock changed hands at rising prices, the last sale being made at 77. The advance looks manipulative and devoid of cogent reason.

Plans are under consideration for the absorption of the Bonne Terre Farm & Cattle Co., by the St. Joseph Lead Co., the plans to be voted upon June 1st at Bonne Terre. One share of St. Joseph Lead is to be given in exchange for two shares of B. F. stock. The Lead Co. has declared a scrip dividend of 25 per cent. Its capital is \$6,000,000 in shares of \$10 par value.

United Railways common is selling at 30, and the preferred at 81. The 4 per cent bonds are being placed at 89.

Money is in fair demand. Drafts on New York are higher and sterling is firm at 4.87¾.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

S. S. B., Cuba, Mo.—The Tennessee Coal and Iron Co. paid a dividend of 1 per cent recently. Would advise keeping out of this stock. Consider Southern common good for a long pull.

J. R., Galena, Ill.—You had better hang on to your Mexican Central. Should eventually work up to your price again. Same applies to Texas & Pacific. The next rise, whatever its

dimensions, should be culminative for some years.

P. J. M.—Cannot recommend purchases of Woolen common for investment. Would postpone purchases in the bond market for a few months. No hurry.

#### THE FLY CHARMER

"There is a summer occupation in the West," said the traveling man, "that has proved profitable for the last three years, and many men are now getting ready to drop their other work and take it up, for the occupation of fly charmer pays \$5 a day to a man with a high clientele.

"It is said that several enterprising Westerners are going to introduce their queer occupation into Gotham this summer, but they can hardly hope for widespread success, for this is a city of flats and small homes.

"In his business the fly charmer is armed with a canvas fan about four feet square. With this he slowly drives the swarms of flies from the attic of the house down through every floor, never missing a fly and accumulating the insects in every apartment visited. Every room in his wake is immediately closed to guard against any homesick flies that might try to get back to their old quarters.

"As the buzzing swarm in front of the immense fan accumulates they follow their leader, much like a swarm of bees, until they are finally whisked into a small unused room, where their conqueror sets fire to some smoky preparation that soon sends them off to a land where there are no bald heads to tickle, no soup to drown in and no danger of untimely burial in the table butter.

"But right here in New York the fly is migratory and will rush where angels fear to tread. So the plan might not work here."

#### OPERA GLASSES AID HEARING

"Hurry them along, please," said the woman customer as she left a pair of opera glasses for repairs at a Chestnut street store. "I can't hear well at the theater without them."

Another customer who was waiting smiled, when the woman left, at her apparent mistake. "She meant she couldn't see," he observed.

"No," rejoined the optician, "she meant just what she said. Opera glasses are an aid to hearing as well as to sight. You can prove it any time you are seated well toward the rear by training the glasses on a singer. As long as you keep the singer under scrutiny with the glasses you will be able to follow the words of the song with ease. Drop the glasses and you will notice a difference. It will require more or less of a strain to catch the enunciation distinctly.

"By the use of opera glasses a theater patron is enabled to note distinctly every movement of a singer's lips, and the unconscious 'lip reading' greatly aids the sense of hearing. If you ever attend a public meeting where it is impossible to get close to the speakers provide yourself with opera glasses and you will be surprised how greatly they will aid you in hearing."



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Two little boys, one the son of a minister and the other the son of a bishop, who were always arguing whose father was the greatest man, came together one day, when the minister's little son exclaimed:

"Your father ain't no good. Mine has given me a hen that lays an egg every week."

"That's nothing," quickly retorted the bishop's son. "My father lays a cornerstone every week."

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## FOR MEN'S SUMMER WEAR

Fancy hat bands will be more generally worn during the coming summer than ever before. All straw hats are now offered trimmed with plain black or fancy colored bands. Young men will desire to possess a variety of bands, and every retailer should carry a stock. The bands appear in all colors, have tiny hooks for fastening, and can be put on or taken off in a jiffy.

Golf handkerchiefs, which are on the old style bandanna order, but in madder colors, will be worn about the neck and around the waist this summer. This is an English fad, and is quite attractive, and, where many happen to be playing, even picturesque.

The "coatless" brace is one which most likely is destined to become popular. It is worn under the overshirt and over the undershirt, and is not seen when a man is divested of coat and waistcoat.

Shepherd plaid neckwear seems to have become quite the thing. The most attractive is a half inch check in two-toned effects.

Brown, a shade which has had quite a run in men's scarfs, suspenders, etc., seems to be going out. Reseda, cadet blue, Quaker gray, soft tan, and medium fancy tints are much worn.

The popular width in belts will be one inch. The proper buckle will be square and made of gold plate, gun metal and oxidized, and the leather black calf, pig-skin and seal.

The turndown collar which is gaining in favor by those who do not wear the standing is much lower than the one that has been worn for several years. It is cut back more in front and has about a half inch space; in fact, it much resembles the style worn ten years ago.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

\*\*\*

## FAMILY ADVICE

The only son had just announced to the family his engagement.

Ma—"What, that girl! Why, she squints."

Sister—"She has absolutely no style."

Auntie—"Red-headed, isn't she?"

Grandma—"I'm afraid she's fidgety."

Uncle—"She hasn't any money."

First Cousin—"She doesn't look strong."

Second Cousin—"She's stuck up."

Third Cousin—"She's an extravagant thing."

The Son (thoughtfully)—"Well, she's got one redeeming feature, anyhow."

Chorus—"What's that?"

The Son—"She hasn't a relative on earth."

Pa—"Grab her, my boy, grab her."

\*\*\*

William Greer Harrison often asks a friend to dine with him at Coppa's, and it was here that one night a well-meaning literary woman, in her joy at meeting such a well known character as Mr. Harrison, made a remark that caused that athletic gentleman's cheeks to flush as deeply as they ever did after a ten-mile sprint through the country, or a dip in the ocean on Christmas day. Mr. Harrison and the maiden lady had

both contributed to the *Overland Monthly* several months in succession. The maiden lady was anxious to meet some one as gifted as herself. Her prayer was granted when a friend introduced Mr. Harrison.

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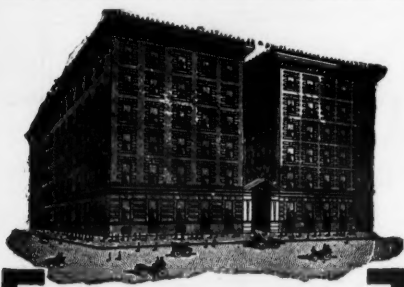
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"Oh, Mr. Harrison," she gushed, "I've been so anxious to have you introduced to me. I can't help but feel as though I really knew you. You know, Mr. Harrison, we've been between the same covers so often."



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	Tickets on Sale June 19, 20, 22, 23.	
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	Tickets on Sale June 29, 30, July 1, 2	
<b>\$9.25</b>	<b>Hamilton, O.</b>	AND RETURN
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<b>\$21.25</b>	<b>Baltimore, Md.</b>	AND RETURN
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<b>\$18.50</b>	<b>Buffalo, N. Y.</b>	AND RETURN
	Tickets on Sale July 8, 9, 10.	
<b>\$15.00</b>	<b>Pittsburg, Pa.</b>	AND RETURN
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